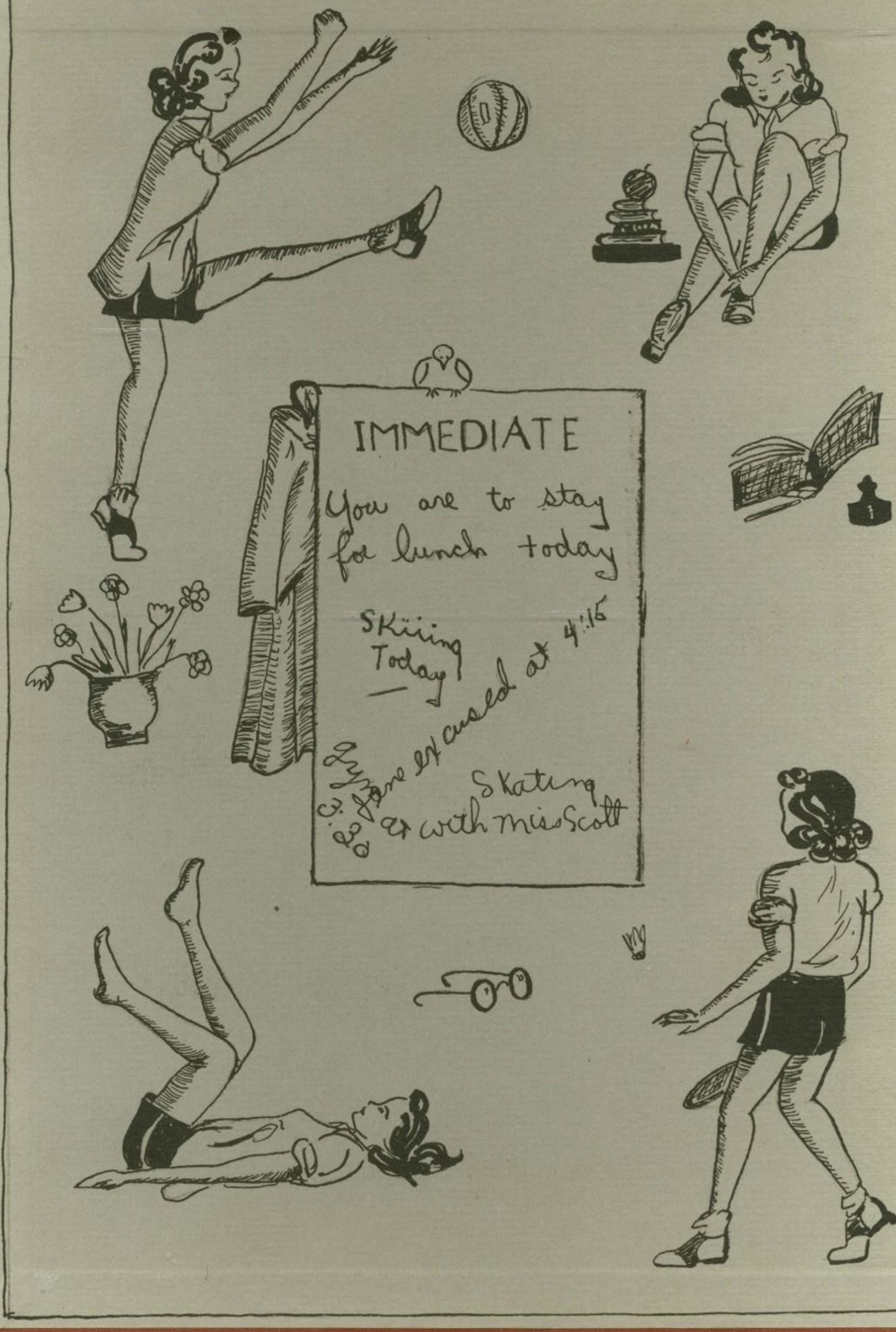
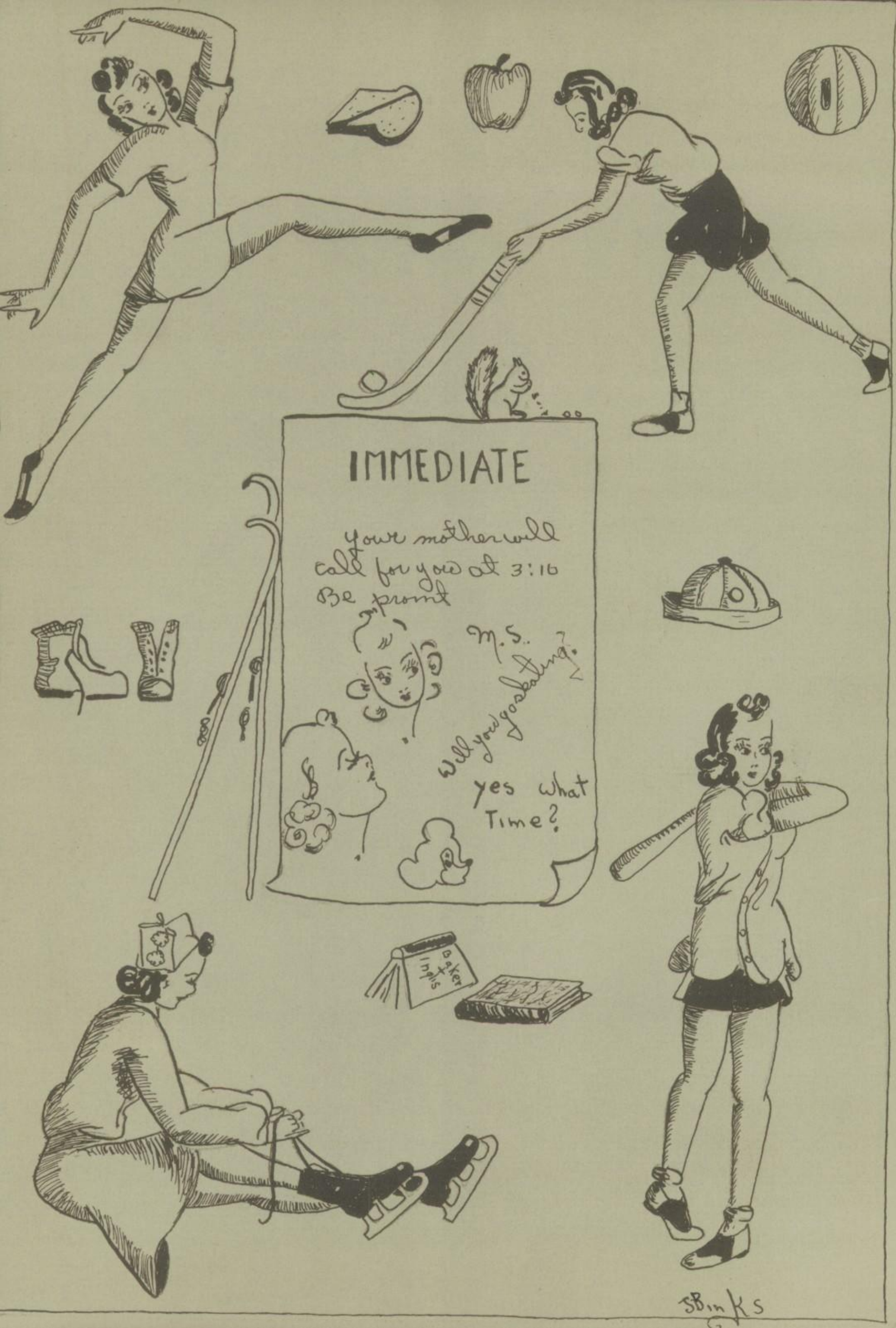
OXFORD CHAT

1939


IMMEDIATE
You are to stay
for lunch today
Skiing
Today
Lynne et cussed at 4:16
3:30 Lynne et cussed at 4:16
Skating
at with Miss Scott


IMMEDIATE
Your mother will call for you at 3:16 Be prompt
M.S.
Will you go skating?
yes What Time?
Baker Ingalls
JBinks

OXFORD CHAT

JUNE, 1939

OXFORD SCHOOL
695 PROSPECT AVENUE
HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

To

ELIZABETH CONNER LINDSAY

our gracious leader

we affectionately dedicate this book

Oxford Chat

JUNE, 1939 OXFORD SCHOOL

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

Editor-in-Chief, Sarah Elder Stevenson

Literary Editor, Harriette Hyde.

Literary Board, Marcia Gillies, Frances Dwyer, Jacqueline Ballard, Elizabeth Hubbard, Patricia Bennett, Margaret Stedman, Judith Stoughton, Sarah Beckwith, Gay Mitchell.

Business Manager, Ruth Sloan.

Business Board, Margaret Péard, Joan Mallory, Emilie Worthen, Isabel Williams, Ruth Way, Constance Rockwell, Joy Foster, Dorothy Bush, Susan Hyde.

Art Editor, Joan Steane.

Art Board, Annette Brewer, Jean Binks, Bettyjean Warner.

Art Advisor, Miss Blanche Evans.

Faculty Advisor, Miss Edith N. Evans.

WHEN we became acquainted with Mrs. Lindsay at a tea last year, we knew that the management of Oxford was in capable and loving hands. We welcomed Mrs. Lindsay joyfully to Oxford. Now, after her first year here, we want to welcome her again, this time to a second year and many more to follow. In dedicating *Chat* to her, we wish to make this issue her very own book, given by the first class to graduate while she is headmistress.

OUTSIDE activities are a definite part of school life. They afford a pleasant means of learning that which is not printed in books or taught in a schoolroom. They give valuable assistance in training a schoolgirl to broaden her interests, in training her to learn to become a coöperative and valuable part of any group, and in giving her a break in what may become a monotony of continuous study without respite.

Oxford has a great many organizations and groups. Almost every girl can find some way of spending her spare moments. She becomes interested in some group, whether music, dramatics, art, or athletics. She begins to work conscientiously to become a part of that group and to learn as much as she can about that which interests her. In doing so, she becomes enthusiastic about more than one thing and broadens her interests.

Oxford's many activities teach a girl to become an addition to any gathering. In joining a club, working for her team in athletics, or learning the intricate forms of debating, she unconsciously strives to make herself a part of the group in discussion and coöperation, and she becomes a necessary and helpful member of that group.

Oxford gives extra-curricular doings to interest everyone. Some find relaxation and pleasure in playing the piano or singing and look forward to Music Club and Glee Club meetings. Some find interest in athletics and wear their O's and bars proudly on their sweaters. Many aspiring actresses find Paint and Putty Club a delightful gathering. A great number of girls who have ability in sketching enjoy the supervision of the Art Department. There are other organizations and groups, too many to name. The *Oxfordian* and *Chat* give chances for literary-minded girls to learn more about journalism, business management, and amateur photography.

Some dissenting voices can be heard. They state that school is for study—nothing more. They say that learning should not be hampered by less serious things. They have a solid basis for their logic. But many of these conscientious people can be found of an evening sketching instead of translating Latin, or scribbling poetry instead of quadratic equations. These are hobbies, outside interests. It is this interest in something else besides studying, the task immediately at hand, that helps to make schooldays happy ones on which to look back.

HEATED DISCUSSION

MISS EVANS

SALVATORE

LINGUA LATINA IN
BLEACHERS EST

Faculty

Elizabeth Conner Lindsay, B.A., M.A. ..... *Headmistress*

Lydia R. Guernsey ..... *Assistant Headmistress, Grade 5*

Esther L. Hamlen ..... *Grade 6*

Verna M. Carlisle ..... *Grade 7*

Hazel B. Shepard, B.A. ..... *Grade 8*

Mary McGuinn, B.A. ..... *Grade 8*

The Rev. Ralph D. Read, S.T.B. ..... *Bible, Grade 7*

The Rev. Douglas W. Kennedy, S.T.B. ..... *Bible, Grade 8*

Lillian M. Carroll ..... *Mathematics*

Margaret T. Bulson, B.A., M.A. ..... *Head of Latin Department*

Sarah K. Everts, B.A., M.A. ..... *Head of Mathematics Department*

Alice Gregg, B.A. ..... *Mathematics*

Edith N. Evans, B.S., M.A. ..... *Head of English Department*

Barbara Jarrell, B.A. ..... *English*

Mary D. Bates, B.A., M.A. ..... *History, English*

Eleanor B. Bates, B.A. ..... *Latin, English*

Helen van Dyke Brown, B.A. ..... *General Science, Biology*

Eleanor Newell, Ph.B. ..... *Head of French Department*

Anna Cohendet, Brevet Supérieur ..... *French*

Maria Gillard, Brevet Supérieur ..... *French*

Hazel Gay Paul, B.A. ..... *German, Spanish, French*

Charles T. Paul, B.A., M.A., D.D., F.R.G.S. ..... *Bible*

Mary W. Ireland, B.A., M.Ed. ..... *Tutoring*

Blanche Evans ..... *Art, History of Art*

Doris Campbell Holsworth, B.A. ..... *Dramatics*

Carl Walton Deckelman ..... *Pianoforte*

Olive E. Hunt ..... *Pianoforte*

Carlotta Allen Westphal ..... *Pianoforte*

Claire Mudgett Tuller, Mus.B. ..... *Pianoforte*

Dorothy Cunningham ..... *Pianoforte*

Jo Hawthorne ..... *Violin*

Leslie B. Kyle ..... *Voice*

Constance E. Weaver, B.S. ..... *Music, Grades 5-8, Harmony, Theory*

Eleanor F. Lasell, B.S. ..... *Director of Physical Education*

Katherine Moebius, B.S. ..... *Physical Education*

Jane Scott, B.S. ..... *Physical Education*

Helen Stanwood, B.S.S. ..... *Executive Secretary*

Jean Playdon ..... *Assistant Secretary*

Jean Oliver ..... *Assistant Secretary*

Helen R. Beals, B.S., M.A. ..... *Dietitian, Home Economics*

Margaret Green, B.A., R.N. ..... *School Nurse*

Anne Y. Copeland, B.A. ..... *Study Halls*

Adelaide Hirsche ..... *Study Halls*

Gertrude L. McAuliffe ..... *Study Halls*

Laura B. Sharp, B.A. ..... *Special English*

Page Sharp, B.A. ..... *Consulting Educational Psychologist*

LIFE

BARBARA JEAN ANDREWS

"BOBBIE," "ANDY"

"Perhaps I might. You never know."
WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG

JACQUELINE BALLARD

"JACKIE," "DAISY"

"I always tell them,
If they ask me
Politely . . .
BUT SOMETIMES
I wish
That they wouldn't."
WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG

MARY-ELIZABETH BEACH

"BUNNY"

"Oh, I like his way of talking,
Yes, I do.
It's the nicest way of talking
Just for two."
THE HOUSE AT POOH CORNER

VIVIAN ELMA BECKER

"ELLIE"

"And nobody knows what I say to myself."
WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG

ANNETTE LELIA BREWER

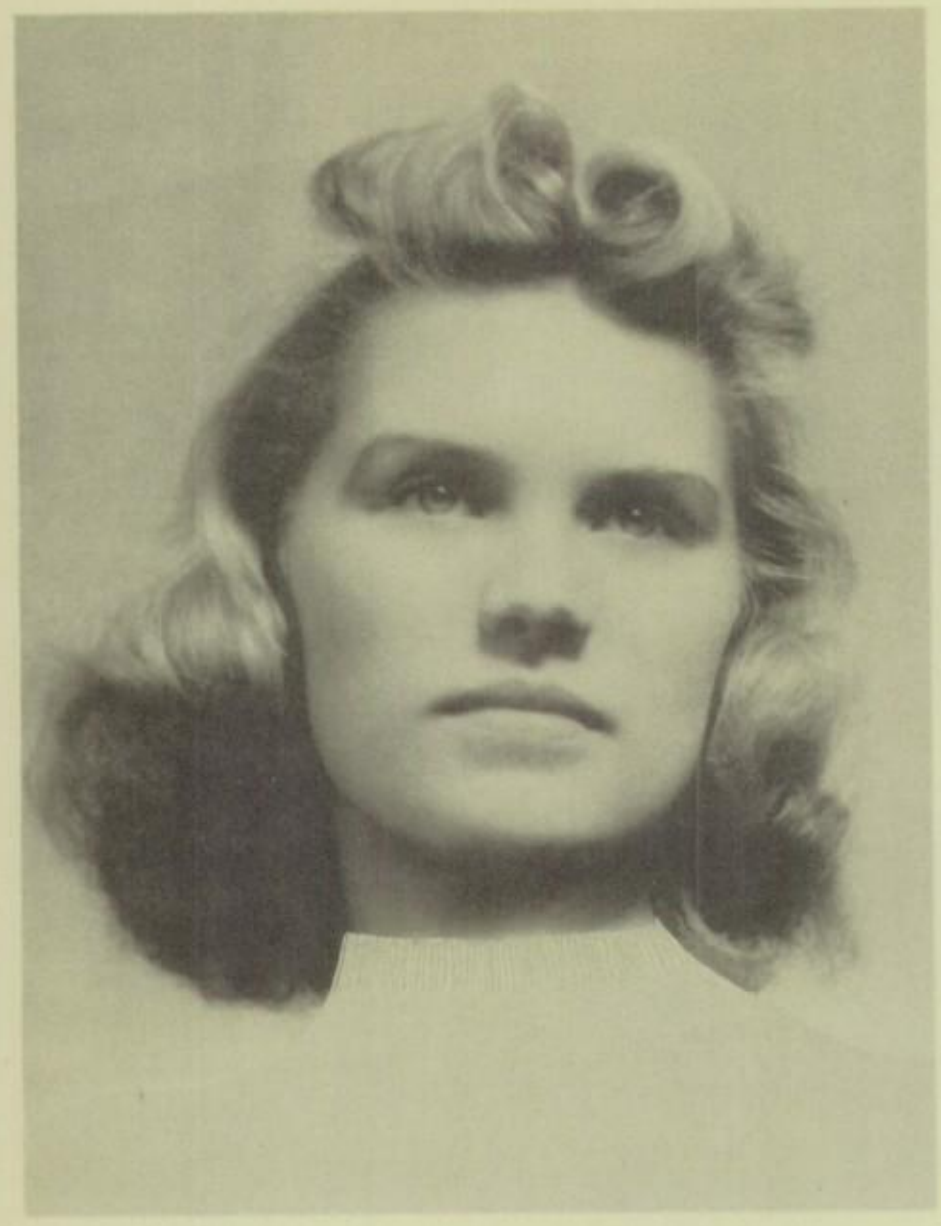
"NANNIE"

". . . and came to the place where his friends-and-relations lived. There seemed to be even more of them about than usual."
THE HOUSE AT POOH CORNER

NANCY LANE CUTTER

"CUTTER"

"'Is this the way to Round-the-World?'
He calls as he goes by."
WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG



PATRICIA WOOD DIMOCK

"PAT"

"I can get right down to the end of the town
and be back in time for tea."

WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG

MARTHA ELIZABETH DEMING

"DUM-DUM"

"But I keep forgetting where I put my pen."

NOW WE ARE SIX

FRANCES DAVIDSON DWYER

"FRANNIE"

"I'll play a lot to-morrow . . .
I'll think a lot to-morrow . . .
I'll laugh . . .
a lot . . .
to-morrow . . ."

NOW WE ARE SIX

HARRIET EATON

"HAT"

"That, whenever he thought it was time to begin,
He couldn't because of the state he was in."

NOW WE ARE SIX

CLAUDIA ISABEL EBLEN

"EBBIE"

"It's just the day for doing things."

THE HOUSE AT POOH CORNER

MARCIA RAWSON GILLIES

"GIL"

"Look! I told you! Here's the sun!"

NOW WE ARE SIX

HARRIETTE DUNCAN HYDE

"HESSIE"

"And he's just the person I'm longing to meet."

WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG

JOAN USHER MALLORY

"JOANIE"

"... and then, all of a sudden, he had an idea."

THE HOUSE AT POOH CORNER

EMILY SPRING MYERS

"SPRINGER"

"I'm all ready to run some races.
Who's coming out with me?"

WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG

RUTH WHITNEY PAGE

"RUFUS"

"Oh, there's such a lot of things to do and such a lot to be . . ."

NOW WE ARE SIX

MARJORIE FRANCES PARKER

"MARJ"

"I go to a party, I go out to tea . . ."

NOW WE ARE SIX

MARGARET ANNA PÉARD

"PEG"

"When Anne and I go out a walk,
We hold each other's hand and talk
Of all the things we mean to do
When Anne and I are forty-two."

NOW WE ARE SIX

NANCY SIGOURNEY PROCTOR

"NAN"

"We'll go because it's Thursday," he said, "and we'll go to wish everybody a Very Happy Thursday."

THE HOUSE AT POOH CORNER

HARRIET CASE REYNOLDS

"HAPPY"

"And the look in his eye
Seemed to say to the sky,
'Now, how to amuse them today?'"

NOW WE ARE SIX

SARAH ROOT ROWLEY

"SALLY"

"'I'll *come with you, Puppy,' said I.*"

WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG

ELEANOR DUNHAM SLIMMON

"EL"

"It's no trouble at all;
Why, the more that you ask for, the merrier . . ."

WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG

RUTH SLOAN

"SLOANIE"

"Let it rain!
Who cares?"

NOW WE ARE SIX

JOAN BRADSHAW STEANE

"ANNE"

"I met a Horse as I went walking,
We got talking,
Horse and I."

WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG

SARAH ELDER STEVENSON

"SALLY," "STEVE"

"What has she got in that little brown head?
Wonderful thoughts that can never be said."

NOW WE ARE SIX

JOSEPHINE TRULL

"JO"

"I'll go and see if there's anything he wants
doing, and then I'll do it for him."

THE HOUSE AT POOH CORNER

MARY LOUISE WALSH

"WASHIE"

"But only the sillies believe their talk;
It's ever so 'portant how you walk."

WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG

Quotations from A. A. MILNE'S WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG, NOW WE ARE SIX, and THE HOUSE AT POOH CORNER *by permission of E. P. Dutton and Company, Inc., Publishers, New York City.*

SALLY ROWLEY

EMILY MYERS

RUTH PAGE

NANCY CUTTER

BARBARA ANDREWS

MARGARET PÉARD

JOAN STEANE

MARY-LOUISE WALSH

MARCIA GILLIES

HARRIET REYNOLDS

HARRIET EATON

SARAH STEVENSON

ANNETTE BREWER

JACQUELINE BALLARD

HARRIETTE HYDE

RUTH SLOAN

NANCY PROCTOR

MARJORIE PARKER

MARTHA DEMING

JOSEPHINE TRULL

CLAUDIA EBLEN

JOAN MALLORY

PATRICIA DIMOCK

ELEANOR SLIMMON

ELMA BECKER

BUNNY BEACH

FRANCES DWYER

SENIOR CLASS PROPHECY

BARBARA ANDREWS

Bobbie's house has many doors,
Friends enter without knocking.
She's a popular gal and regular pal
To all those who walk in.

JACQUELINE BALLARD

Her friends used to call her Daisy,
Now she's Admiraless Daisy Dupuis,
About the admiral she's just crazy,
(And also the French navee).

BUNNY BEACH

Tobacco stands in tall green rows.
Kiddies romp across the lawn.
Bunny watches all that grows.
She loves life on the fa(r)wm!

ELMA BECKER

To music lovers of all degree
Miss Becker is known for her artistry.
Her husband and children play music grand.
They make a wonderful one-family band.

ANNETTE BREWER

Lovely dancing teacher is Miss Annette Brewer.
Her pupils increase and her troubles grow fewer.
To the Southland she takes many holiday trips,
And enjoys home-made corn-pone and mild mint juleps.

NANCY CUTTER

Spring in old London, autumn in Nice,
Winter—Bermuda, and summer in Greece.
Miss Cutter in one year did all that I've written,
And then spent the next spring in dear old New Britain.

MARTHA DEMING

Dum-Dum drives a station wagon,
Hustles to the train,
Meets her handsome husband,
Travels back again.

PATRICIA DIMOCK

Basking in the sun
At Miami, at Del Mar,
She's the envy of her set.
She's found her lucky star.

FRANCES DWYER

Frannie trades her yellow pad
For a streamlined aeroplane—
Goes to meetings in Idaho,
Then flies back to Hartford again.

HARRIET EATON

As for Eaton
She'll be
(And now is)
A sweet 'un.

CLAUDIA EBLEN

Editor Claudia sits at her desk
And runs a finger through her hair.
The letters on the door proclaim
"The Daily's" candidate for mayor.

MARCIA GILLIES

Amid the hustle, she toots her whistle
To Oxfordites large and small.
Gym-teacher Gil, with a tweet loud and shrill,
Keeps the peace in Guernsey Hall.

HARRIETTE HYDE

Hessie sits 'mid a pile of wool
And knits for her family—
First a big, broad-shouldered one,
Then many much more wee.

JOAN MALLORY

A society matron with much to do,
She's travelled from Irkutsk to Timbuctoo.
She lives in New York in a lofty skyscraper
And writes fashion columns for a current newspaper.

EMILY MYERS

A hospital staff is under her care,
And hundreds of sick people strive to be there.
When patients are grumbling all night long,
She soothes them to sleep with a classical song.

RUTH PAGE

Ruthie is a diplomat
Who works from morn till night.
She's sought by dukes and congressmen.
(The line forms on the right!)

MARJORIE PARKER

Meet Mrs. Missionary Marj.
Home on furlough *en tout ménage.*
She and her husband years have spent
Teaching in the Orient.

PEGGY PEARD

She's the wife of an influential man.
Her children are clever too.
She spends her summers in any boat
From liner to canoe.

NANCY PROCTOR

In a fine library she works each day,
Spends evenings in pastimes much more gay.
She works in her own private laboratory
And studies her occupational therapy.

HARRIET REYNOLDS

With deep blue tones her voice
Nightly thrills our ears,
This darling of the airways
Who's sought by kings and peers.

SALLY ROWLEY

Miss Sally Rowley, Madame President,
Holds society meetings with humane intent.
She hurries about with no moments to spare,
And when asked for a favor, says, "Yes, I'll be there!"

ELEANOR SLIMMON

Miss Eleanor Slimmon at bridge is the best.
She is always most busy as hostess or guest.
Her playing is flawless when any game starts,
And it's well known about that her best suit is hearts!

RUTH SLOAN

As she sits at office desk,
Or at the head of table,
Ruth's smooth management
Is pertinent and able.

JOAN STEANE

She models luscious evening gowns
And snappy riding clothes,
Paints and draws for magazines,
Rides in big horse shows.

SALLY STEVENSON

With friendly, complicated bustle
She's still hurrying around
Involved in stories, plays, and acting.
Stevie dwells on famous ground.

JOSEPHINE TRULL

Miss Josephine Trull's famous Dancing Salon
Is well known to mothers and *élites enfants.*
Her pupils have manners of great charm and grace,
With smiles beatific on each shining face.

MARY LOUISE WALSH

She dines with sultans and with kings.
She wines with sultans and with kings.
And many queens adore her, too,
And wives of dukes (yes, even Wally)
For she is high society
And rulers find that she's quite jolly.

THE SENIOR CLASS WILL

Barbara Andrews leaves her recipe for dates to the Home Economics class.

Jackie Ballard leaves anything she's doing to hurry to the baseball game.

Bunny Beach leaves her telephone bills to the school.

Elma Becker leaves her talent to the music department.

Annette Brewer leaves her gym excuses to Julia Breed.

Nancy Cutter leaves her bottle of peroxide to Harriet Bolles.

Martha Deming *frankly* leaves her special delivery letters.

Pat Dimock leaves all responsibility to the twins.

Frannie Dwyer takes her hands with her, because heaven knows she couldn't talk without them.

Harriet Eaton leaves her sneeze to those who don't see how she does it.

Claudia Eblen leaves the Ox in a stew.

Marcia Gillies leaves the corrective gym class to Miss Scott.

Harriette Hyde leaves the dinner table.

Joan Mallory leaves her tardiness to her sisters.

Emily Myers leaves her dimple to—don't all speak at once, girls.

Ruth Page leaves her helpful hints for studying to the Freshmen.

Marj Parker leaves her knowledge of current events to Lowell Thomas.

Peggy Peard leaves her school spirit to the O. A. A.

Nancy Proctor leaves her wavy hair to all sufferers on rainy days.

Harriet Reynolds leaves her lunch-table voice to Betsy Anne Stewart.

Sally Rowley leaves Oxford and goes to the dogs.

Eleanor Slimmon leaves her pink cheeks to all pale-faces.

Ruth Sloan leaves the typewriter in bad condition.

Joan Steane leaves her artistic ability to her sister.

Sally Stevenson stops long enough to leave her hustle-bustle existence to Clara Sage.

Jo Trull leaves her figure to the dance costumes.

Mary Louise Walsh takes everything with her.

SENIOR CLASS CONFESSIONS

Name	*Ambition*	*Favorite Clothes*	*Favorite Song*
Barbara Andrews	To marry a doctor	Overalls	My Heart Belongs To Daddy
Jacqueline Ballard	To get out of biology lab. alive	Glasses	When April Comes Again
Bunny Beach	------!	Sport clothes	Harbor Lights
Elma Becker	To have a musical career	Shoes and slacks	Evening Star
Annette Brewer	To dance with Fred Astaire	Tea gowns	Night and Day
Nancy Cutter	To be well travelled	Skirts and sweaters	Stardust
Martha Deming	To ride the biggest roller-coaster possible	Sweaters and slacks	Stardust
Patricia Dimock	To own a farm	Sport clothes	I Can't Get Started with You
Frances Dwyer	To break 80 bowling	Evening clothes	On the Road to Mandalay
Harriet Eaton	To knit a whole sweater	Slacks and shorts	Anything Good
Claudia Eblen	To do fancy dives well	Tweed coats	Smoke Gets In Your Eyes
Marcia Gillies	To ride everything at Coney Island	Sport clothes	Song of the Danube
Harriette Hyde	To be as thin as a beanpole	Sweaters	Someday My Prince Will Come
Joan Mallory	To be on *Vogue* staff	Sport clothes	Tales from Vienna Woods
Emily Myers	To marry a doctor	My gray flannels	You're a Sweet Little Headache
Ruth Page	To live in England	Pajamas	Basin Street Blues
Marjorie Parker	To talk over the radio	Evening clothes	Stardust
Peggy Peard	To be a success in one thing	Sport clothes	Beethoven's Fifth Symphony
Nancy Proctor	To be in the movies	Evening clothes	Ave Maria
Harriet Reynolds	To graduate	Skirts and sweaters	Liebestraum
Sally Rowley	To be a platinum blonde	Shoes	Where Has My Little Dog Gone?
Eleanor Slimmon	To get to Wellesley	Sport clothes	The Emperor Waltz
Ruth Sloan	To have plans work out	Sport clothes	Deep Purple
Joan Steane	To see mice on roller-skates	Black jodhpurs	Night and Day
Sally Stevenson	To speak fluent Russian	Huaraches and nail polish	Ravel's "Bolero"
Josephine Trull	To teach kiddies to dance	Evening clothes	In the Still of the Night
Mary Louise Walsh	To get a really good tan	Brooks sweaters, tweed skirts	Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life

SENIOR CLASS CONFESSIONS

Favorite Expression	*Pet Hate*	*Weakness*	*Most Often Found Doing*
A frown	Catty women	English	Eating too much
Ya flotsam, Ya jetsam.		Bridge	Breathing
None	Telephone bill	Tobacco raising	Awaiting week-ends
Oh, honestly!	Braces on my teeth	Teddy bears	Practicing the piano
Sure!	Conceited boys	Good dancers	Riding
Jinks, that's swell	Writing letters	Food	Gossiping
Dawgone!	Guy Lombardo	Hot fudge sundaes (Dutchland's)	Reminiscing in the Senior Lounge
It's amazing!	Running errands	My allowance	Changing my mind
No! Really?	Derby Hats	Cherry pie	S-s-s-s-h-h-h!
Well! Sink me!	Getting up in the morning for school	Cashew nuts	Dreaming
Hello, chum!	Sarcasm	Chocolate ice-box pudding	Thinking what I'd do if—
Ye Gods!	Soft boiled eggs and sarcasm	Dark eyes	Loving life
Egad!	Self-running elevators	Henry Fonda and cherry coca-colas	Waiting
You just don't kno-o-w!	An exhibitionist	Snappy clothes	Trying to get places on time
You goon child!	Classical pieces jazzed	Top hat, white tie, and tails	Talking
Oh, grief!	Waiting	Actors with English accents	Dreaming
Oh! I got a letter!	Pessimists	Good dancers	Singing
Honest to Pete!	Waiting	Food	Chasing the mailman
More fun!	Exams	Biology Lab.	Homework
Gee winigers!	Monday mornings	Mails(?)	Waiting for Ruth
Shucks!	Snakes	Dogs—especially mongrels	Nothing in particular
Hor-rors!	Conceited people	Dissecting in Lab.	Trying to get "Ox" ads
Honestly!	Sunday nights	"B"	"Wrighting"
She'd have a *Kitten!*	Nightgowns	Irish wolfhounds and Errol Flynn	Anything concerned with horses
But, *yes!*	Cutting my finger-nails	Anthony Eden and lemon meringue pie	Hurrying
Ree-ally?	Hawaiian music	Smooth dancers	Starting things I don't finish
Oh, really?	Freckles	English accents	Biting my nails

CALENDAR

September 20—School opened on a grey, drizzly day, and the annual varsity-alumnae hockey game was called off because of bad weather.

September 21—Oxford celebrated the second day of school with a hurricane. We lost the big elm in front of the building, and had two days' holiday while repairs were being made.

October 3—Mr. Deckelman entertained us with a piano recital.

October 10—Dr. James Gordon Gilkey returned for his first lecture of the year, "Maintaining One's Self-confidence", which he delivered in Guernsey Hall before the entire school.

October 17—We enjoyed a long weekend to celebrate our delayed Columbus Day holiday.

October 24—Mr. Francis Goodwin told us about the management of the Hartford Symphony Society Programs. We enjoy the programs immensely, but are certainly all glad that we don't have to worry about managing them!

October 28—Paint And Putty welcomed the New Girls with a Book party in Guernsey Hall. It was a colorful parade of costumes and fun.

October 31—Miss Avery returned to tell us the adventures of her summer abroad, and to clear up the very complicated foreign situation.

November 3—Grade 8B entertained the lower school with a presentation of "Two Crooks and a Lady".

November 7—We traveled "With the Camera in an Enchanted Empire" during Mr. James Henry White's illustrated lecture on China.

November 10—The junior and senior Dramatic classes presented "The Vest Pocket Standby" for the High School in Guernsey Hall.

November 14—Miss Avery discussed with us the reaction of the Germans to the policies of their leaders.

November 21—The Russian Marionette Theater gave us a performance of the Russian legend "The House on Chicken's Legs." Our favorite characters were those darling ladybugs and the dancing toadstools.

November 23—Mr. Charles Beach honored us with an enjoyable song recital, and school closed for the Thanksgiving holiday.

November 28—School reopened, and Miss Avery talked to us about Japan. P. S. . . . We definitely ate too much turkey!

December 1—Grade Seven gave a splendid performance of "Hansel and Gretel."

December 5—A piano recital by Paul Vellucci of the Hartford School of Music proved very enjoyable.

December 15—Three students from the Hartt School of Music gave an interesting program for the Upper School.

December 19—Margaret Ruth Adams enchanted us with her program of dramatic monologues. We even rode a roller coaster!

December 20—The Art Department held an exhibition and gave a tea for the parents of the art students.

December 21—Guernsey Hall was the scene of our annual Christmas Carol singing and two exceedingly successful performances of "A Vision of Saint Hilda" . . . School closed for Christmas vacation, with only three days to do all that shopping!

January 9—School again, which meant settling down after *such* an eventful vacation.

January 12—An Oxford mother, Mrs. Kenneth Collins, gave a delightful song recital.

January 16—The Hampton Quartet made its annual visit to Oxford, bringing back everybody's old favorite, *Juba.*

January 19—Dr. Gilkey advised us on "Getting All There Is from the Little You Have."

January 23—Miss Avery again helped us get a clearer picture of troubled World events.

January 27—The end of exams! And a talk on "Chains" by Miss Margaret Slattery that brought to us the potential greatness of our world of today.

February 4—Eventful day! Oxford gave its first school dance, while Guernsey Hall's rafters resounded with gaiety and the music of Tweet Petersen.

February 16—Miss Lasell delighted the upper school with a song recital.

February 17—Mr. Morris Frank, accompanied by his new dog, Buddy II, told us of the wonderful work carried on by "The Seeing Eye" organization. No wonder we saw so many "Seeing Eye" pins around school during the rest of the year.

February 20—Miss Avery again commented on current affairs. It seems that the European situation is practically unpredictable!

February 21—School closed for the Washington's Birthday holiday, and Oxford students and faculty rushed for their skis and the cold north.

February 27—School reopened, and Miss Louise Holabird gave an illustrated talk on "Saints and Their Legends."

March 2—Gilbert and Sullivan returned to Oxford with the 8th grade's presentation of "The Pirates of Penzance."

March 3—Grades 5 and 6 gave their gym demonstration in Guernsey Hall, and the Oxford Glee Club attended a dinner, joint-concert, and dance at the Loomis School in Windsor.

March 9—Mrs. Lindsay read selections from the work of Vachel Lindsay before the upper school, and brought new beauty to the lines. "The Congo" held us spellbound.

March 10—Another gym demonstration, this time by the 7th and 8th grades.

March 16—"Modern India" was the topic of a talk by Dr. Pitt of the Hartford Seminary, who has spent many years in India, and so gave us a new impression of Indian political and social problems.

March 23—We watched living microbes projected on a movie screen in Guernsey Hall during Dr. Roemmert's fascinating exhibition of his Micro-Vivarium.

March 30—We spent a charming hour in France with Madame Faraut, who showed slides to accompany her lecture on "Les Châteaux de France."

March 31—"The Boy Mozart," an operetta with dialogue by Miss Weaver, was presented by grades 5 and 6, and school closed for Spring vacation.

April 11—School reopened. We noticed a profusion of wilted corsages.

April 13—Mr. Avis gave a fascinating "Bird Song Program" with beautiful slides for atmosphere. We recognized the calls of twenty birds!

April 15—The Westminster Glee Club Concert and dance in Guernsey Hall was called off because we had measles. Last year it was chicken-pox.

April 17—The Sophomore Dramatic class gave "Miss Leicester's School," a charming play of the 19th century.

April 20—The Father-Daughter dinner for the High School.

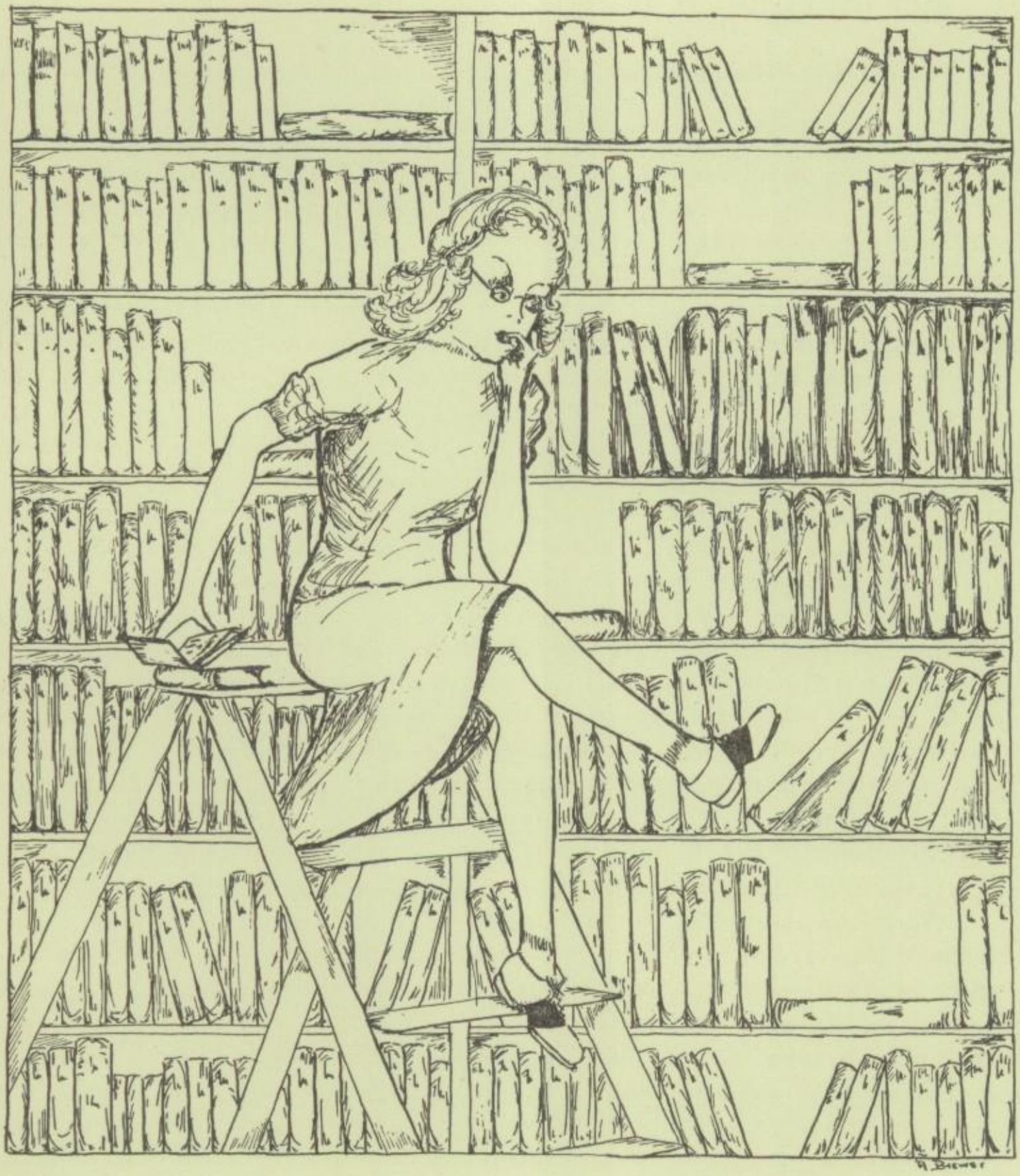
April 28—The Paint and Putty Club gave two performances of Shakespeare's "As You Like It" in Guernsey Hall.

May 20—We honored *Eos* with our annual Greek Games.

June 8—Awards and letters were presented at the Class Night exercises.

June 9—The seniors bade Oxford farewell after the graduation at the Immanuel Congregational Church.

LITERATURE



BLACK FEAR

MARY LOUISE WALSH

First Place—Senior Story Contest

"NOW, my Rolf, you are ready." The woman stood up swiftly, tucking under a stray lock of gleaming black hair which had escaped the graceful knot at the nape of her neck. "And off you must go," giving the little boy a gentle push.

"Oh, mama, you are so beautiful," the little boy said, gazing up at her admiringly.

"Now, Rolf," she said, smiling gently, "don't flatter your old mother. It is time for school! And you are always so impatient to go. What's the matter today?"

"Nothing, mama, only—I do love you so!" This last in a rush of words.

"And I love you too, my Rolf," she replied very seriously, kneeling to embrace the small form. "I love you very dearly." And then with a small shake she went on briskly, "But you must go! You will be late."

She walked with him to the door, and stood there in the sunshine waving good-bye to him as he raced down the street, gayly swinging his package of lunch. Caught by the warm spell of the sun's rays, she leaned against the door jamb, thinking proudly of her son. Why, it was only yesterday his teacher had told her how intelligent and sweet-natured and popular he was, and how proud she ought to be of him. She had said that he ought to go to one of the great schools here in Berlin when he finished this primary one. Ah, her Rolf *would* go to a great school, and he would have every advantage his father had not had. Rousing herself with a jerk, she told herself ruefully that there was much work to be done before she would have enough money for this, and she still had to get her little shop ready for the day's customers. Since Max had died it had been rather a hard struggle, what with raising a small boy of seven and running a shop, tiny though it was. But now after two years everything was at last running smoothly, although the Black Fear that formed a motif to all her thoughts and actions prevented her from living the calm, completely happy existence she longed for. Checking herself determinedly from further thoughts along this line, she looked complacently about her at the neatly arranged display counters and well-stocked shelves.

And Rolf, skipping happily to school, thought with a thrill of excitement of the day ahead of him. For school to him had always been an adventure. Especially this last year, for his teacher had taken such a great interest in him and his work that it had inspired him to still further heights. He was extremely anxious to show her the poem which he had written last night. Perhaps, if it was good enough, she would ask him to read it at the class day exercises tomorrow. But here he was at the school house already, and he must hurry if he wished to show his work to Fräulein Boker before classes began. He entered the gate, raising his arm in a salute to the voices which hailed him.

* * * * *

Rolf hurried home that night through the dark streets of Berlin, his heart almost bursting with happiness. It seemed to him that he was the happiest, the most fortunate boy in all the world and that this had been the most wonderful day he had ever lived through and was ever likely to live through. For not only had the teacher liked his poem immensely but she had praised both him and his poem in front of the whole class, and told them how proud they ought to be of him, and how some day the whole world would be proud of him and his poems. And, crowning joy of all, he was to read it before the assembled school tomorrow. After school the boys had crowded around him, patting him on the back and congratulating him until he had almost been embarrassed.

When he reached home the words fairly tumbled out of his mouth, until his mother laughingly put her hand over his mouth and made him start all over. But finally she was made to understand that her little boy was going to be a great poet, and that soon he would be a millionaire and that she wouldn't have to work any longer in this dingy old store. She hugged him to her, laughing tenderly, and thinking that after two years life was at last beginning to be worth living. If only there wasn't that ever-present fear—but she stopped herself determinedly.

Rolf went to sleep smiling happily at the thought of the coming day. He never stirred once during the night except when the sound of men's voices half awakened him, but they soon ceased. The next morning his mother was a little pale and quiet, but Rolf, chattering excitedly of the coming events, did not notice it.

"You will come, mama, won't you, to hear me say my poem? Oh, mama, it will be so exciting! All the professors, and the older students, too!"

His mother, smiling absently, promised to come to the exercises if she could get someone to mind the store for her. She waved cheerfully to him from the door as she watched his short, bare legs trudge down the street. But her smile soon faded as she thought of the visit she had received the night before. "But no," she murmured to herself, "nothing could happen to us. I will not do it!" But as she turned to go in two men sprang at her from the inside of the store and muffled her frantic screams with a black cloth. Soon the little store was empty of both sound and occupants.

Rolf, in the meantime, was running as swiftly as he could to the big room where the exercises were to take place. He was terribly afraid he was going to be too late to say his poem. He had delayed too long chattering to his mother of his excitement. As he entered the hall he saw that Herman, the boy who was just ahead of him on the program, was just finishing. He hurried up to the side of the platform, worriedly scanning the upturned faces of the teachers and parents and pupils for that of his own teacher, so that he could get a nod of assent from her to go on. He could not seem to find her, so he advanced to the middle of the platform when Herman finished reciting. Standing there with his feet planted stockily apart, his hands clasped behind his back, a small dark-haired boy in the great bare space of the platform, he began his simple poem. Too excited to be nervous or to regard the faces of his audience closely, he did not notice the surprised and then belligerent

looks on their faces. But soon his voice faltered in surprise as low mutterings and growls rose from the audience. These mutterings became louder, became threatening, and then were accompanied by fist shaking and angry shouts. Rolf was frightened, terribly frightened, but he continued, his voice shaking and his eyes wildly searching the hall for his mother, or for any friendly face. And then the shock came. A boy in the rear of the hall shouted one word and then threw a stone at Rolf. It glanced off his head, but to Rolf it was as though he had been struck by God Himself. He stood still for a second, numb with shock, and then with heart-rending screams ran through the audience to the door, with books and stones landing all around him. He sped to the only place of refuge he knew in a world gone mad—home. He burst in the door sobbing wildly and calling in great gasps of breath for his mother. But a dead silence answered him. This increased his fright, and his screams rang through the tiny shop. Finally he ran out into the street. Gazing wildly up and down the street it seemed to his contorted mind that men with black shirts were approaching him from all sides. Giving one last awful scream, the exhausted boy sank in a heap on the pavement. In his black hysteria he had not noticed the four-letter word written with soap on the shop window . . . JUDE.

ON CHILDHOOD PAINTING

JACQUELINE BALLARD

First Place—Senior Essay Contest

I HAVE a paint box that was my favorite childhood toy. It wasn't an elaborate paint box; it came from the five and dime. But if you've ever painted in cheap water colors as a child, you know what a pleasure it is to feel that what you have painted resembles even slightly the thing it represents. I never cared for coloring books; I liked to make up pictures from my own imagination. I dreamed of having one of these pictures hang in some art gallery. I don't know that the reputation or renown of the gallery mattered much to me; I didn't discriminate between having my famous picture hang in the Louvre or in the Avery Memorial; a *gallery* was what I wanted! I doubt that any of my pictures merited a niche in a gallery. For at this time almost half of my artistic work consisted of original "funny papers" drawn for the amusement of my two older sisters. In those far-off days I thought my talent for wit as mighty as my great artistic talent. (In later days both those talents have been proved non-existent.) My comic strip drawings were made up almost entirely of beautiful women in daring evening dress. I remember in one cartoon a man appeared (a phenomenon in my drawings, as the graceful, curving lines so adroitly employed in the creation of women did not seem to make the figure intended to be a man at all masculine.) This man hailed his buddy with the question, "How's bees-wax, John?" I had heard the expression common at that time, "mind your own bees-wax" (translated "attend to your own business") and I didn't know how to spell "business"! My sisters were perplexed even after an explanation of the word, and they condemned it as one of my less funny "funny papers."

Besides "funny papers" I drew pictures of fairies at tea, princesses in castles, and animals engaged in human activities. These were the true pictures of my imagination, the pictures I liked best to make up!

And what a picture I myself must have made one hot day when I was four years old! It was my two older sisters who made use of the paint box this time. They undressed me and sat me in the bath tub while they busily set about daubing me with all the colors of the spectrum. I didn't mind that part at all; the paint felt cool against my skin that sweltering day. And when I emerged from the tub, they swore I looked like a real Indian and insisted on displaying their handiwork to the neighbors. As I stood rigid and still, surrounded by horrified eyes, I guess I looked more like a coloured totem pole than an Indian.

No doubt I enjoyed that experience with a paint box more than my dog did a similar one. When Teddy slept in the chair in my room at night, he usually was very good and slept the sleep of a snorer. But one night he awakened me by pacing round and round the room. So disturbing he was that I was determined to secure my revenge. In the morning I promptly took out my little paint box and smeared a big, black "N" across his forehead, which might stand for any number of words, such as "naughty," or "nut," or "noctambulist," or anything you choose. I don't know whether the poor dog was actually ashamed of that sign, but he seemed rather ill for a few days afterwards.

When I went to the circus with my nurse, unlike most children of my age, I was absolutely uninterested in the clowns and elephants and lions and tigers and trained seals. But instead, I watched with avid interest the trapeze artists and bareback riders who, I noticed most precociously, had very, very red lips. I asked my nurse, "Jeanie, why are their lips so red?" She replied, "They paint their lips." And I imagined the women in tights before they entered the ring stooping over a big pail of house paint and slashing the brilliant liquid across their mouths. At home I practiced a quick entrance into my make-believe ring, stopping a minute before my paint box (water colours were the next best thing to house paint) to outline my lips with a vivid vermilion hue. The only difficulty was that when I moistened my lips the colour spread over my tongue and teeth and, strange to say, had a rather unpleasant taste.

"When I became a woman, I put away childish things," including my water colours, but I still marvel at the fact that I use paint for my lips.

WEST INDIAN ISLAND

PATRICIA BENNETT

First Place—Senior Poetry Contest

Dusty white roadway
Blinding in the glare,
Yellow-white houses
Low and square.

Coal-dark negroes
Lazing along,
With a blood bright turban
And a whistled song.

Fruits in the market
Strange and sweet—
Flowers and trinkets
Sold in the street.

Behind the white houses
Are lithe palm trees
Blowing ever slowly
In the sea-sent breeze.

WEDDING MARCH

SALLY STEVENSON

Second Place—Senior Story Contest

MARLA gave one more glance in the mirror. The image of her ivory satin wedding gown brought a smile of satisfaction to her lips. The full skirt, high lace collar, and tiny buttons made her look like a fragile bride of many years ago. She ran a comb through her long black hair and tenderly arranged the wispy veil trimmed with orange blossoms. She felt as if she were in a dream, in an unreal world of her own. She had never worn such a rich and lovely gown. Three bridesmaids in pale blue satin fluttered about her, saying gay, flippant things. Marla picked up her bouquet of white calla lilies and arranged her train before the mirror. She wondered why she felt so excited, so nervous. Perhaps it was the important people in the next room, people she must please. Everything was perfectly arranged—but no, the lilies seemed out of place with her old-fashioned gown. She discarded the stiff bouquet and held instead a white prayer book with satin ribbons and a single gardenia. Marla gave one more look at her reflection and then walked slowly toward the door which opened into a great room. People were seated there waiting, watching, critical people. The opening strains of the Lohengrin wedding march drifted through the door. She waited while the bridesmaids walked slowly into the room. Marla fixed her dark eyes on the opposite corner where the sun threw its beam on the crimson carpet. She lovingly patted her long satin train in place and started forward. She heard faraway whispers of delight. With slow measured steps she followed the narrow carpet, thinking of someone who was to be married the following Saturday. Mrs. T. R. Melton was to be wed in the great church on the corner which Marla always passed on her way to work. How different Mrs. Melton's wedding march would seem! She would follow a crimson carpet to meet her third husband. Marla sighed very softly, too softly for curious ears to hear. One of the onlookers spoke suddenly, shattering Marla's quiet dream. The voice was high and feminine.

"Yes, Mrs. Frome, I'll take that one with the prayer book—so angelic, you know!"

An answering voice, "Certainly, Mrs. Melton. That's all now. Model dismissed."

Marla turned and walked slowly from the room. Her work was over for the day.

SAGA OF LIFE

HOLLY STEVENS

Second Place—Senior Essay Contest

THE strawberries were in season. The ripe red berries fell onto the ground and rolled into the hollows of the earth. She tried not to step on their plump forms, but every once in a while she felt the juice ooze out between her bare toes. June and summer were unfolding before her.

July. The vivid blue sky hanging high over her head seemed ominous, but even in its awfulness it was glorious. The fire-crackers burst among the weirdly shaped clouds of an approaching storm. She held out her arms and felt the mossy blanket of raindrops descending upon her.

The grass was long, slippery, lying like the hairs on the back of a seal. She lay on it, feeling the stir of the insects hidden in its depths. The heat was still there but a whispery breeze played among the August poppies.

The nights were cooler now. The trees, tired by the sultry summer, prepared for a rest. She stood facing the south, sending the birds on their way to winter haunts. They flew in flocks, shutting out the rays of the sun, now warm, but soon to turn to pale streaks of rotten yellow, dry and dead. This was September.

The moon was an orange, hung high in the heavily spiced autumnal sky of October. She started the leaves sifting down from the branches of the trees, pursued by the rapidly appearing stars. It was chilly now, not cold, just a sparkling frigidity, cool enough to leave collars of frost on the sombre chrysanthemums.

This was the month she liked least, November, bringing with it an empty universe, free from beauty and happiness. The jays, screaming fiercely, proclaimed the bleakness of the world to its populace. She clasped the naked tree trunks to her, giving them strength to last through the winter.

December. Now her lands are covered with the hideous quilt of ice and snow. She stared at its bigness and was blinded by its glittering icy particles. In a way the snow was beautiful and a great friend to her, snuggling her plants to itself, keeping them out of the sharpness of the wind. For this she was thankful.

It was January, a month which brought a new year to be explored. The ice was gone, leaving behind only the downiest fuzz of snow, like the fur of a white angora kitten, smooth and purring with the life to be found inside.

February brought new hope to her winter-trodden soul. Her slight figure was given strength and she sent storms to melt the lingering snow, reaching

her watery fingers deep in the slumbering earth to send her own force of life into each root and vein.

She walked along the country lanes and saw the shoots of the sprouting crocus. It was March and the untamed wind pushed her forward, hurrying her along her way. Clouds, like powder puffs, were buffeted about in the zenith of the blue.

She stretched out her hand and touched the ends of the supple trees, laughing gaily as the leaves were born. She kissed each flower plot with her April showers, knowing it was within her power to make each tiny flower bloom.

May. She saw the flowers and trees more wonderful than anything she in her youth had imagined. The sun was unexpectedly warm, shining down on the feverish world, eager for the activity of summer. This was her favorite month, a month of growth and happiness.

THE TULIP

JACQUELINE BALLARD

Second Place—Senior Poetry Contest

A scarlet tulip took the cool, clear rain
Into her arms;
Then bent to let her lover go,
Tired of his charms.

THIS IS CHRISTMAS

HARRIETTE HYDE

Third Place—Senior Story Contest

"AND then tonight, after they've brought down the presents, I'll hide 'em under the tree," thought Peter. He wriggled deeper in the big chair, closed his eyes, and took a deep, comfortable breath. The room smelled just like the pine woods, for in one corner stood a big, bare tree, stretching its arms up and up 'til they touched the ceiling. A little boy had to throw his head 'way back even to see the top. Christmas Eve was the most exciting day of any year, Peter had decided, but this year it was even more wonderful, for now he was a big man of six, and he had a present for Mummy and one for Daddy. He'd made them in school—a clay ashtray and a paperweight made from a stone. They were in the big closet behind the shoebox, and Peter had planned to hide them under the tree when everyone was out of the way—that was why he'd begged to stay with Katherine to "take care of everything" while Mummy and Daddy went to the store. The trouble was, just as they were leaving, Daddy had said "Mind you, young man, no peeking in the big closet while we're gone!" And you didn't have the heart to sneak around and be bad on Christmas Eve. He'd just have to wait.

But he couldn't sit still and think about it any longer. It was too exciting. He slid off the chair, yanked up his socks and shorts and stood looking around the room. There was green holly with pretty red berries in the vases on the mantle, and on the big table was the crèche he and Mummy had made that morning. It looked real and sort of quiet now, with the white cotton snow, and the big gold star over the stable, and the tiny baby in the manger. . . .

The front door swung open and in burst Mummy and Daddy. They were laughing, and their shoulders were all sprinkled with snow. Daddy swung Peter 'way up over his head, almost as high as the Christmas tree, and said "Well, Petie-boy, did you take care of everything?" But Mummy just dropped her packages and hugged him close for a minute without saying anything. Peter couldn't understand, because she looked happy and sad at the same time. Maybe it was because it was so different from last Christmas, when Mummy was sick in the hospital, and Daddy didn't laugh when he came in, but used to sit in the big chair and hold Peter in his lap and look worried.

Then they were laughing again, because Mummy was saying it was time to hang up the stockings, and Daddy couldn't find the hammer and tacks that were right under his nose. Peter had to laugh too when he saw the three long, black, empty stockings hanging lank under the holly vases, for Santa Claus was coming to fill the stockings and trim the tree, and bring him . . . maybe . . . the drum and the sled.

Daddy and Peter raced up the stairs, and Peter won, even if his legs were still shorter than Daddy's. Mummy forgot to wash Peter's ears, and he hurried saying his prayers so he'd be able to get to sleep sooner, and then morning would come more quickly. Daddy came in and said "Merry Christmas," and kissed him goodnight, and tousled his hair, and then they turned out the light and went downstairs.

Peter felt nice and drowsy and expectant. He could see it was still snowing by the streetlight outside his window. . . . There wasn't any moon like in the book about the night before Christmas, but he guessed Santa Claus could see all right by the streetlights. . . .

Suddenly he sat bolt upright in bed. He'd forgotten to bring down his presents! He couldn't have been in bed more than a few minutes, so Daddy and Mummy would still be up, and then Santa Claus couldn't have come yet. He'd call Daddy and tell him now. No, better still, he'd take them down himself. Peter put on his warm bunny slippers and his new pink bathrobe . . . though he had a hard time finding the sleeves, and padded down the hall to the closet. By the hall light he found his packages, and holding them carefully against him crept down the stairs. If Mummy and Daddy were in the kitchen he might be able to put the presents under the tree and get back upstairs again before they saw him.

Then Peter heard a strange, tinkling sound . . . like Christmas tree ornaments . . . and low voices in the living room. He peeked cautiously around the doorway and blinked hard to be sure he wasn't seeing some awful picture, for there was Daddy, not Santa Claus, perched on a ladder trimming the tree, and Mummy was handing him the shining balls.

Mummy was saying "Try not to knock, Jim, you might wake Peter." And Daddy laughed and said,

"Don't worry, that boy was asleep the minute his head touched the pillow." Then Mummy looked sort of sorry and said,

"It'll never be as much fun as it's been today, Jim. He'll begin to wonder next year."

Peter was so bewildered he couldn't move. Mummy and Daddy were trimming the Christmas tree! He looked at the mantle. The empty, thin stockings were gone, and in their place were fat, lumpy ones, with horns and candy canes sticking out the top. But Santa Claus was the one who trimmed trees and filled stockings. Mummy and Daddy and everyone had told him that. But they hadn't told him the truth! All of a sudden Peter was afraid they'd turn around and find him standing in the doorway. He knew he couldn't stand it if they did, so he laid his two packages quietly on the stairway and ran up to his room. He dropped his bathrobe in a heap on top of the bunny slippers and crawled into bed. The sheets were cool and smooth. Peter lay very stiff with his eyes wide open staring into the dark. It was so quiet! The whole thing seemed like a dream . . . but he'd seen it with his own eyes. Johnny Day, at school, had said there wasn't any Santa Claus, and nobody had believed him. But it was true! Peter buried his face in the pillow and began to cry in little choked sobs. He squeezed Woofie so tight that Woofie cried too . . . a long, mechanical "Eeeek."

Peter woke next morning to Mummy saying "Merry Christmas" and Daddy blowing on a loud tin horn. He was so sleepy and excited that he'd forgotten about the awful dream of last night. Daddy carried him downstairs and suddenly Peter saw his two presents lying on the second to bottom step. Then he remembered. He said quite calmly, "There are my presents to you and Mummy, Daddy." Mummy picked them up and laughed, and said he must have been walking in his sleep. But when she said "I wonder what Santa Claus brought a big man I know?" Peter couldn't look at her for fear he'd start crying again.

The tree was lighted in the living room, and under it, wonder of wonders, was a shiny sled and a big drum with two sticks. Peter slid down from Daddy's arms and ran over to the tree. As he sat down on the sled he heard Mummy say "Let's open Peter's presents first." Peter pretended to be looking at the drum, but he managed to watch them from the corner of his eye. The little ball of excitement in his stomach began to grow larger as he heard the tissue paper coming off his presents, and then he was swooped off the sled and hugged and kissed, and Mummy said she'd always wanted a paperweight, and Daddy said he'd been needing an ashtray at the office, and then they both hugged him again. Peter was so proud he thought he'd burst. His own presents!

Then suddenly he understood. This was the way they felt when he liked their presents! This was what Christmas was! He ran over and gave his drum a great, booming whack, and then tried to throw his arms around Mummy and Daddy at the same time. "Thank you! Thank you!" he shouted. Daddy and Mummy looked astonished.

"But Santa Claus gave you the drum," said Daddy.

"I know," Peter looked right at both of them, "But thank you anyway! This is the most wunnerful Christmas!"

Mummy and Daddy looked as though they agreed.

BIG TREES FROM LITTLE ACORNS GROW

FRANCES DWYER

Third Place—Senior Essay Contest

"BIG trees from little acorns grow." Although the obvious truth of this proverb is perfectly apparent at first glance and I doubt whether anyone would ever dispute this idea, it is rather illuminating to consider its many applications and to realize how greatly our lives are based upon this principle.

The theory of evolution shows that all animals, even man himself, developed during many thousands of years from the microscopic one-celled protozoa. This is perhaps the best illustration of a miraculously complicated and elaborate structure that has advanced from an almost ridiculously simple beginning.

Any habit or custom, that all-powerful force in controlling any life or organization, indisputably grows from a "small acorn," for the first time an action is performed it may be insignificant and unimportant. The same action, repeated many times, becomes an adamantine force for either good or evil. What a blessing habits can be in carrying on our daily life! The habit of walking, to choose the simplest example, is invaluable, for otherwise we should be forced to decide with each step (as a child just learning to walk must do) just when a foot should be lifted, how far it should advance, and how soon it should be placed on the ground again. The loss of energy, time, and thinking ability would be inestimable. Yet this is only one of the habits that regulate our lives. Rising at a certain time in the morning, brushing the teeth, or eating meals at a certain time or place are all habits that simplify living, and since we need no longer make decisions about them our mind is not tied down to such ordinary and routine matters, but is free to advance to further fields. In knitting, the very first stitch is experimental, fascinating work, involving many decisions about which needle goes through which loop of wool, but the novice soon grows accustomed to making a stitch without thinking at all, merely from force of habit, and often without even glancing at the work. Soon a sweater has grown from the "acorn" of the first stitch.

The classic illustration used to convince young children of the harm in telling a lie is that of the snowball rolling down a hill. It gathers more and more snow as it goes, and increases in size and weight and speed until it is perfectly capable of knocking a man down. A parallel is easily drawn with the lie. It begins perhaps only as an exaggeration or "harmless" gossip but gathers force by repetition until it may do a real harm.

Most of the valuable inventions and discoveries have been evolved from very simple ideas. Galileo saw a chandelier hanging in a cathedral and conceived the idea of the pendulum. The suspension bridge was developed from

an idea grasped while watching a spider spin his net. An apple falling from a tree to the ground set Newton thinking, and he arrived at the law of gravitation. A tea kettle steaming on the stove was the origin of the steamboat, and a shirt blowing on the clothesline instilled in the inventor the idea for the dirigible.

Consider the United States itself. Did it not develop from two small colonies at Plymouth and at Jamestown? Now the United States has a population of about one hundred and thirty million, and is the wealthiest and one of the most democratic countries in the world.

A theory has been advanced that the fall of the Roman Empire was partially due to the mosquito. When the swamps surrounding the city of Rome were no longer drained, they furnished excellent breeding places for this insect, the carrier of malaria. The Romans, weakened by this disease, were less able to withstand the attacks of the barbarians, and the mighty empire fell. Of course many other vastly important causes led to the downfall of Rome, but it is significant that so tiny an insect as a mosquito could have any bearing at all on the collapse of so formidable an empire.

FERRYSLIP

BETTYJEAN WARNER

Third Place—Senior Poetry Contest

Gulls
Wheel above broken boxes,
Banana skins,
And spoiled tomatoes
That bob
Between the battered planks.
The dirty water rolls
Under the stubby bow,
As the ferry,
Squat and dumpy,
Slides on the tide,
Crashes,
Skids,
And settles in the slip,
Cheered by grimy urchins.
Winches shriek and spin
With a clank of chains;
Gates open, and
Feet slip across the breach.
Men and women push
Through the evil-smelling
Ferryhouse,
Like timber floating down
A noisy river
To the mill.

JULIE

EMILIE WORTHEN

AT first the thought of Julie all alone in the wilds of Canada, probably with no friends in the world ever to see the place where she lay, left a big lump in my throat.

I can picture her now, as I had last seen her alive, sitting in the rear cockpit of Uncle Will's boat, waving back to me with a grin that showed her beautifully white teeth. She seemed so terribly happy. Everything was so new to her; being away for the summer on one of the most lovely lakes in the East (as all those who've seen it believe), riding only in boats, walking in virgin forests. And all the things that she'd planned to do when she returned home! She was to have a big party given by her old grandmother, who'd probably have enjoyed it more than anyone. She was going to finish school, too; something she'd always wanted to do since her mother died. She'd said she wanted to "know a lot of learning."

Maybe now she knows all she needed to know. Maybe fate planned her life—her death. All her friends say that's so. But colored folk are always superstitious.

Then it happened. It was a mere slip of the foot, but it cost a life. It happened on a beautiful, sunny day in August and nobody, except my sister and I, Julie and our maid, was on the west side of the lake within three miles. My sister and I had both been in bed for the day, not feeling very well, and our maid, Lib, had gone calling on Julie, who lived but a quarter of a mile away. The first we knew was when Lib, who couldn't handle a boat well at all, came around the point, yelling, "Help, help, Julie's drowning!", pulling the wrong oar most of the time. The poor girl was hysterical, and nobody could blame her. After a great deal of confusion in trying to calm Lib so that she might tell us what happened, we got help and went to the place where Julie had fallen in.

The next two days we spent watching the boat come and go, with its precious cargo. The day of the funeral was gray and misty. None of Julie's friends had had money enough to pay for the expenses of a funeral at her home, so she is lying there on that lonely hill.

I'd still have a lump in my throat if I didn't know that the spot where she lies is one of the most beautiful on God's green earth.

SONG OF A POOR INVALID IN A HOME FOR THE POOR

JOAN STEANE

All day I sit with nothing more to do
Than sew the buttons on a shoe
For feet that walk to wear.
I sit and sew and sigh
That I
May never need a shoe.

FASHION

MARCIA GILLIES

WHAT is fashion? It is a trend which people ridicule, but which they feel compelled to obey. When a new fanatical mode appears, such as an odd hat style with hats looking amazingly like surrealist paintings, women see their well-dressed but eccentric contemporaries courting the new fashion, and immediately they turn to it. They picture themselves as looking just like the intriguing models. They wear the new hats whether the new style is becoming or not, because it is fashionable.

A new hair style usually induces even the most timid to try it at least once. It may mean sacrificing the lovely long hair she has struggled so long to grow, but it's all right; that's the style. Not very long ago, hairdressers, dissatisfied because women's nice neat bobs required too little professional care and brought them so little business, decided to set a new vogue for having hair high on the head in tight clipped curls which would be most difficult to take care of. At first people reacted slowly and negatively to the style, but when the movies employed the new hair-do, it was immediately the accepted thing. Old and young, fat and lean, with sparkling or unanimated faces—everyone curled her hair up, not only for evening wear, but for daytime as well, for which it was not impractical, but messy. Of course the designers had to think up a hat to wear over these piled-up curls; hence the tiny, impish hats we see perched atop the curls. But now something new must arise to displace this style, which isn't very good so far as practicality and becomingness for a nation of different shaped faces is concerned. Our foremost debutante sports hair languishing to her shoulders, and people start sobbing loudly over their inch-long hair. But gradually they cheer up and start frantically and desperately to regrow that long hair they had such a short time ago.

The styles in footwear are especially exciting now. Already in several women's colleges the girls are clattering through the resounding halls in authentic reproductions of wooden Dutch shoes, as if they were treading the cobbled streets of Holland. Usually one likes to hear soft, quiet shoes, but now it is different—so very different. The more noise they make the better. In the fall Mexican huaraches were popular, and the squeak they made certainly didn't detract from their charm and allure.

It's fashionable to have one's initials on one's socks, but only on one sock. One should wear one's hat on the side of the head, but only on the right side. Why, what *would* people think if one wore it on the left? And women's coats must always button on the left, while men's button on the right. Why? Because it's fashion, it's the right thing to do.

It's alarming how quickly we all become accustomed to a new fashion. When we look at pictures dated 1929, we scream with laughter at the long hip-length waistlines. "How could a person have worn such a dress?" we say. But it looked good to us then. It was the latest fad! Now we are accustomed to such high-waisted clothes, they're the only possible thing. But it doesn't take ten years before a style looks dowdy. We need only glance at an early

1938 photograph. Why! our clothes practically touched the ground. How could we? It looks amazing now, but only since last winter have we come to think that skirts should no more than cover the knees.

And so the changes in styles go, on and on. Perhaps they're foolish, ridiculous, and a pure waste of time, but they keep people interested and excited. The whole idea is odd; it's all very queer, but such fun. It's fashion.

THE HOMEWARD WAY

BENJY BECKWITH

Through the snowdrifts plodding
The Wanderer goes today
From many years of roving
Now on his homeward way.

He is a tired old man
His hair has turned to gray.
His patched coat is ragged
Yet he has youth today.

For it is Christmas now
And children are at play
The old weary traveler
Has found his homeward way.

* * *

Oh, Almighty Father
To Thee we humbly pray
Let us know that we, too,
May find our homeward way.

CONTENTMENT

MARY MEAD

AT the door of the house were crocuses and violets which snuggled down by the step in bashful confusion. Inside was a cozy living room where a fire talked cheerfully to itself, for it was still early spring. Everything was perfectly suited to its place, giving a homey, pleasing look. The curtains smilingly bowed over spotless windows, and the sunbeams darted in and out, running over the mellow furniture and polishing it until it gleamed. Everything, from the little Dresden shepherdess dancing on the mantle, to the kitten curled up in the armchair gave a picture of complete well-being and tranquillity. The quaint old gables of the little house looked thoughtfully out on a happy world. The whole formed a lasting picture to be carried away, framed by the smoke of the talkative fire curling up into the sky.

ISLAND SHORE

BETTYJEAN WARNER

Sea-birds wheeling, wailing;
Sea-rocks echoing their cry;
The great surf booming, surging
Along the lonely sweep of shore.
There the stormy, white-edged wave
Hurls itself against the rocks,
Against the smooth and rounded rocks.
There nought is heard but birds and
The surge and thunder of the sea
Ever beating, ever pounding—
Cold, relentless, strong . . .

MY ANIMAL KINGDOM

ELMA BECKER

I MUST confess to having a very childish fondness for stuffed animals. When I am visiting my aunt I am secretly delighted if her small daughter offers to display stuffed animals. I cannot remember when I did not have at least three. The other day I came across one of my old beloveds. He is a velvety rabbit with purple pants and a saucy red cap perched on the side of his head with an ear flung through the middle of it. He was one of a kingdom of animals—a kingdom in which my brother and I were mere onlookers.

I remember some years ago, before my brother had donned long trousers and become too grown-up to play with stuffed animals, he became the proud possessor of a cat, one that belonged to that delightful realm of stuffed animals. She was a beautiful creature, a fluffy, golden-tinted yellow cat with a wise and mischievous glint in her eye. She always represented to us, among the less adventurous and more docile "lambs" in our animal realm, the Mae West type! She would strut out in the evenings in very extreme evening gowns and always made it a habit to run after the gentleman animals of our realm. This was to our minds exactly what Mae West would do. Oh, but there was much scandal afloat concerning Kitty Kuddles, for that was her name. She eventually settled down to some extent and married a rabbit—a plodding, good natured, well-meaning business man. Only one child came of the match —a female cat entirely different in character from her adventurous mother. She grew up and married a bear, one of the well-beloved staples of our Animal Kingdom. He was a sort of gentleman racketeer. His name was Pepper. He had no last name. He was just Pepper. Pepper owned a diamond mine which was run strictly legitimately. But he also owned a few gambling houses which, shall we say, were of a rather suspicious nature. He was many times a millionaire. Pepper had a certain foppishness of dress and was a smooth dancer. Also he was an excellent athlete, efficient in most sports. In spite of our knowledge of his racketeering we regarded him as the uppermost citizen of our imaginative realm. This was a Kingdom without a King, but Pepper filled that place.

We had a new-comer in our Animal Kingdom, an elephant who had been but recently acquired from the dense African jungle of Fox's toyland. He was an astonishing creature to observe. Some might even say he was deformed. For his arms and legs protruded from his body in cone-like fashion and his tail was as long as his trunk. His eyes contained small round disks that rolled this way and that way when he was moved. He was a mere youth fond of making eyes at his young lady elephant friends and of eating ice cream sodas—neither of which was done in moderation. As he was coming of age, Pepper took him in hand and tried to bring him to a more serious turn of mind by giving him a small job in Pepper's own office. Pepper wanted him to learn the business so that some day he might step in and take Pepper's place.

We had another amusing member of our Animal Kingdom. He was usually a happy-go-lucky yellow rabbit who was very fond of a gay night life. Girls came into his life and went out of it because Jerry (that was the merry rabbit's name) never took any of them seriously. Until one day! He came home in an intoxicated state of mind. He hopped and skipped all over the house and slid down the banisters whenever he bumped into them. He sang a merry song of "Oh, isn't she wonderful, isn't she beautiful," and then, as if suddenly remembering something, he jumped down from the newel post and ran to the radio. He quickly turned the dials to a station where we could hear a golden-voiced soprano trilling over the air. He sat perched on top of the radio in a sort of dazed delirium, still murmuring, "Isn't she wonderful." For a year we didn't see her, but she was kept alive in our thoughts by Jerry's overwhelming appraisals. Then one day Jerry brought her home—his wife! She was just as beautiful as when seen through Jerry's eyes—even though we had thought that he was the slightly prejudiced lover. Her name was Geraldine and she was a beautiful, fluffy, white rabbit. They have lived happily together ever since and watched their young son, the mischievous, practical, joke-loving rabbit whom I mentioned first, grow up. He is the little fellow I found the other day who brought back such pleasant memories of our Animal Kingdom.

ETERNAL TRIANGLE

Laura King

Husband, wife and secret'ry
Is Hollywood's delight;
It's called "eternal triangle,"
It's used in every new angle,
Until it's just a blight.
But I, too, have a triangle,
It nearly makes me sick;
I have it every single day,
At night I dream, to my dismay,
"Read, 'rite, and 'rithmatic."

MY GOLDEN BONNIE

(In memory of the valiant show mare.)

JOAN STEANE

She stands there quivering, by the sombre cliff wall,
Her proud head high, arched neck, muscles tensed,
Whitéd eyes, ears mobile with listening;
A statue of flashing gold; blessed with life,
Gleaming sunshine.
An instant! She is gone.
The sun is set.

A NIGHT WITH THE MOSQUITOES

SUSAN HYDE

I STRETCHED blissfully between my cool sheets and watched the lacy patterns which the moonlight made on the floor as it streamed through the trees outside my window. The lapping of the water on the pebbled shore and the distant throaty croak of a frog lulled me into peaceful reverie.

July in New York had been deadly hot, sticky, and oppressive. For two weeks I had pawed through pamphlets and folders and had finally found the ideal place for my short vacation. Wanting to get as far away as possible from the humdrum bustle of city life, I picked a place that had no modern conveniences such as electricity and running water. There had been but one thought clear in my mind, the need and want of rest. So far, since my arrival in the early afternoon, I had been surrounded with peace and quiet.

Suddenly my calm, serene thoughts were pierced by a distant hum which seemed to come from the corner of the cabin. It grew louder and louder, finally resembling the weird roar of a distant airplane motor. Something settled upon the end of my nose; I sat up in silent disgust—It was a mosquito. The buzzing noise faded in the distance and with a feeling of great relief I sank back upon my pillow.

A cool restful breeze wafted in the window; I dozed again. Then the maddening insect hovered close to my ear. It settled; I slapped and then sat up wide awake, my ear aching from the blow. The soft purring sound continued. I finally lurched out of bed and groped blindly in the dark for a candle. I was to find that it was after twelve. Gripping the candle tightly in my hand, I started my midnight search for the mosquitoes. The candle wax dripped on my hand, as I winced with each burning splash. I was no longer cool and rested, but very hot and perplexed at the disturbance.

I blew out the candle, tumbled into bed, and pulled the sticky sheet up over my head. I was determined that, mosquitoes or no mosquitoes, I was going to get the most out of my vacation. The droning outside my sheet drifted away, and in my last moment of consciousness I heard the sound of a loon's silver laugh from the darkness of the lake that seemed to join the mosquitoes in making fun of my discomfort.

WINTER

BETTYJEAN WARNER

Shivering, I walk
Over the hard brown stubble,
Along the wind-swept path where
Naked trees wave futile arms
Against the blast.
The sky is cold,
And a bitter wind sweeps down—
Biting and chilling,
Whipping my cloak.
Across the bleak and barren fields
I hurry,
And soon am safe beside
The fire,
The winter-tossed world
Forgotten.

TROY IN FLAMES

MARY MEAD

The hungry flames leaped up and licked
The age-old walls of Troy.
And Hector, dead upon the field,
Craved vengeance on those warriors,
Greek messengers of death.
Were the ideals his fathers sought,
The toil their hallowed hands had wrought,
To perish likewise, gone for nought?
The city watched from smould'ring shell
As all about her fled.
She was a body without a soul,
She was a city dead.

SURF

MARY MEAD

The surf snarls and growls
Like an animal at bay,
Breaking at the unrelenting stone.
It seethes and rages, slinking off
To lash against the quiet cliffs,
Frenzied, angered, by their calm.
Waves roar defiance at the shore
And crowd hurriedly on to cow it,
Only to fall back again, baffled,
Muttering, resolved to do some harm.

AFTER THE STORM

JACQUELINE BALLARD

WE had been walking many miles along the beach before we came to the singularly misplaced stone lying in the sand.

"Imagine the force of the wave that threw this on the shore!" said my companion. And I looked over the clear blue sea which had only a few days ago been a turmoil of Stygian waters showing no mercy to the people who had formerly lived there. Little ripples of water lapping on the naked white sand seemed to caress my bare toes, to wheedle me into forgiving the destruction it had wrought in an angrier mood.

There were no sea gulls in this desolate place, no breeze to ruffle the eerie calm; the only motion was the gentle washing of the sea under the glistening smile of the autumn sun. But some strange sort of darkness seemed to be close upon us when we turned to look at the remains of a house torn from its foundations and saw a little old woman crouched in the sand. We had not noticed her before; she must have come from behind the house that lay crippled on its side back from the beach. But we weren't startled; she looked as if she belonged here, like a piece of dried seaweed. Her homespun dress was much too large for her bony frame; it looked as if it had once belonged to a younger, plumper woman. You never can tell what kind of people will come out after a storm, especially a storm as terrible as this one, from sheer curiosity to see what remains of *other* people's houses. This creature looked like the old mother of some fisherman who had found lobster catching a sustaining business around this summer settlement, now a waste.

Before we could walk away she spoke in an amazingly clear, high voice, "Quite a storm it was, and I was here too and saw it." We pretended not to hear; it was almost time to return to the car which was parked with those of other sightseers beyond the bridge which had not been washed out.

The woman laughed and said, "I suppose you're too young to remember a storm even worse than this. That was the storm my husband died in. We were both so young and had been married only two years. And the pretty little cottage his grandfather had left us high above the sea with great tall trees growing 'round! I remember how proud we were of those trees; there weren't many tall ones along the shore.

"But the morning of the storm my John had to go down to the wharf to see his ship. He was only a sailor on the *Marie,* but he always called her 'his' ship. The *Marie* was a fine fishing boat which brought in great numbers of cod, and we thought ourselves quite rich because of the good business she was getting. That ship was his whole life, that ship and the sea she sailed on; he always said he wanted to die peacefully, quietly in that boat some calm, starless night. And all the nights and days I'd spent worrying about him in the boat—and then he was killed that afternoon on shore.

"I watched him from the cottage as I always watched him, knowing some day he wouldn't return to me. I watched him with that love of the sea in his eyes walking in an easy stride down the hill to the wharf. It was windy that day, just as it was before *this* storm, but I didn't think much about any

storm for high winds were common around the village. But when she really began to blow, suddenly the sea loomed up in an awful mass. All the women were running out of their houses screaming to their men, but I just watched out the window, dazed, seeing John atop the mast of the *Marie*. And then he was running home up the hill, blindly, unconscious of his path, knowing only that he must get to me. And when the great oak that stood just ten feet from our door reached down to crush all beneath it, it crushed my soul and John's body. And he, he who lived and would have died by the sea, was killed by a——"

And now she began to scream, "And you, you're calmly, curiously looking at his tombstone!"

And when we leaned over to read the inscription on the gravestone, which, instead of John, had had one last ride over the sea he loved, we read:

"Here lies the body of
John Davidson
born into this vale of tears
October 21, 1802
entered into eternal peace
September 18, 1828"

And his wife was gone.

FORTITUDE

Lonny Myers

Can this be so? Can but a day have lapsed
Since lofty trees encircled summer homes,
And dancing waves enfringed a peaceful shore?
Can beauty be destroyed like this?

Yet, it is true—So fierce a hurricane
Raged through the night that naught could long endure.
The ruthless winds and ruinous waves were swift
To ravage all that patience built.

Can beauty, peace, or rest reign here again?
Can stronger trees and houses be supplied?
They can, they will, they shall be reproduced—
As greater signs of fortitude.

Man's courage is the same—though by one blow
He's overthrown—his courage must not go.

MOUNTAINS AT TWILIGHT

Mary Mead

The sunset pauses on shadowy giants
Shrouded in purple and gray
Who gather the valleys in comforting arms
And keep ceaseless vigil till dawn.

MENDIANTE

JOAN STEANE

Eager eyes, deep in hungry hollows;
A thin, depressed line for a mouth,
With lips chapped and bitten in a fight
Against the cold, then sheer despair;
A hand out-stretched—of bones, of skin, wind-painted blue.
—And empty yet;
Its twin clenched in a down-worn pocket,
The miser fist inclosing one last copper, infinitely precious,
A coat (could it be called that)
Hung from the gaunt and drooping shoulders,
As a sheet, thrown back, is loose around the bed-post.

Plentiful and warm, a woman
In bounteous furs, approached the desolate corner.
In the poor eyes, intent on the rounded, healthy face,
A new hope burned.
The knotted hand, claw-like in its scarcity,
Extended more, while those eyes, in an agony of hope,
Held the beauty-parlor face.
But indifferent—haughty, the vision passed away;
Watched, followed hopelessly to the end, followed out of sight.

Then the scarfed head drooped, great, empty eyes stared at the ground.
A gray shadow clutched at the tired face,
Tired from its fight for life.
Like a heavy blanket, gray covered the whole sad figure,
A soft endlessness of utter despair, a dense unlimited mist.

Suddenly there was a little heap, mostly cloth and bones,
—Collapsed on the cold cement—

And people hurried and scuttled to do things.

JUNIOR LITERATURE

RETREAT

Peggy Caulfield, Grade VIII

First Place—Junior Prose Contest

A FAWN made his way through the dense thicket, his small young legs wobbling from side to side. Catching his foot in the undergrowth, he hopped around impatiently until he got it loose. It annoyed him immensely to waste time like this, so he quickened his pace. Prancing along this way, he stumbled more than before; and on the whole it took him more time, but he didn't know about it and it made him extremely happy to be jumping about. He reached the path after a long time and found it much easier going. He took joy in trampling on the small pine cones, even if some of them made his hoofs rather sticky. He paused to eat a small juicy plant; and while doing so, he heard a crackling of twigs and leaves behind the nearby bushes. Remembering the evils that his mother had told him some crackling leaves brought, he turned around and fled down the path and bounced into the thicket. He was in such a hurry he never bothered to look behind him, for if he had he would have been quite surprised to see a small jack-rabbit scurry onto the path.

ROVING GYPSY BOY

Alice Robinson, Grade VI

First Place—Junior Poetry Contest

O wild gypsy lad,
Where are you bound?
The sky your cover,
Your bed the ground.

Long, deft fingers,
Bright eyes and bare feet,
Long strong legs,
That no one can beat.

Ragged hair, tanned face,
White teeth and wide smile.
You are bound for no place,
Your time to while.

You have a brown pony,
You ride through the day,
For you are a gypsy,
A gypsy, so gay.

THE AUTUMN LEAVES OF THE OAK

BETTINA HAWKINSON, Grade V

Second Place—Junior Prose Contest

ONCE there was a big oak tree. It stood in Kensington Gardens. It was autumn, and the leaves had turned red, gold, orange, and purple. The tree looked lovely, and it was very sad to shed its leaves, for it knew that it would be very dead-looking and bare all winter. All the leaves made the best of it except one gold one.

"No, no," it cried. "I will not go. Why should I?"

"Oh, be a good sport," said the big oak. But the leaf would not.

"I will blow you down," shouted the west wind. But the little leaf clung fast and could not be blown away. Then it saw all the other leaves covering the roses, pinks, and the plants and flowers.

"Oh, pooh," it said, "why should I cover any flower? The other leaves will do it."

"Oh, no they won't," said one poor little rose. "There aren't any more." So the little gold leaf floated gently down and covered the rose. Now it was happy because the little rose would be warm all winter. And oh, it itself had done it.

The next year, the little rose came up as pretty as ever, but its color had changed to a lovely gold.

LAKES

BETTINA HAWKINSON, Grade V

Second Place—Junior Poetry Contest

Big lakes, small lakes,
Lakes of green and blue,
Gold lakes, silver lakes,
Lakes of every hue.

Painted with the sunset,
Shaded by the tree.
Could any artist ever paint
A lake like that for me?

MY PUPPY

ELEANOR MYERS, Grade VIII

Second Place—Junior Poetry Contest

He is mischievous and full of fun,
And as black as coal is he.
He romps and runs the whole day long,
And plays contentedly.

But when the sunlight goes away,
And darkness rules instead,
A sleepy puppy looks at me
And wants to go to bed.

CHRISTMAS EVE

MARTHA WASHBURN, Grade VIII

Third Place—Junior Prose Contest

CHRISTMAS Eve had come! Joan and Jack had been very good children, so they decided to take the chance of staying up to see what Santa was going to bring them. It was time for bed and since their stockings had been hung up, they went to their beds without any argument. Their mother and father forgot them, they were so intent on placing the Christmas presents.

The house was very still and Joan was almost asleep, but soon her brother was shaking her. She crawled out of bed and together they sneaked down the stairs. There had never been so many squeaky boards before, they thought. Jack led the way across the living room and after lighting the light, they paused on the stairs of the sun porch. All the presents were under the tree! Big ones and little ones, all the gay things that they usually saw on Christmas morning. So there *was* a Santa Claus! And he'd really been there, in their own sun porch.

They turned to go back to their beds when a muffled sneeze attracted their attention. Perhaps Santa was still behind the tree. They ran into the sun porch and relit the lamps on the tree. They rushed around behind the tree and there, crouching against the wall, was their daddy. In chorus the two small voices, much to the comfort of their unhappy father, said, "So you stayed up to see Santa, too!"

MY THOUGHTS WHEN DOING MY HOMEWORK

ELEANOR SPEER, Grade VII

Third Place—Junior Poetry Contest

A mouse, a small insignificant mouse,
Crept around the door.
A baby, a small and highly valued baby,
Spied the mouse and crept along the floor.
A nurse, a tall and haughty nurse,
Stepped in the room.
Then silence:
The nurse, the cold and esteemed nurse,
Saw the mouse.
And all at once the room was filled with screams.
The baby, the small but naughty baby,
Gave forth a delighted laugh.
The nurse left the room.

And then:
The baby and the mouse
Gazed at each other and smiled.
For once they had vanquished the nurse.

PUPPIES

Ann Rentschler, Grade VI

Honorable Mention—Junior Poetry Contest

Puppies have no manners,
Puppies have no sense,
Puppies like to romp and play,
And sneak out through the fence.

They drag the master's slippers
If left upon the floor,
They'll chew them into tiny bits
Then dash out through the door.

They spill their milk upon the floor
And curl up on the beds;
If tiny feet are muddy,
It enters not their heads.

So to bring up proper doggies
It takes patience, time, and work.
I don't know which it's harder for,
The master or the pup.

A COLD MOUSE

March Enders, Grade V

Honorable Mention—Junior Poetry Contest

As dusk draws near,
I have a fear,
That deep in the snow,
Where field mice go,
There's a starved little mouse,
Without a house.

But when morning appears,
I have no more fears,
For with my ear I hear
A lone bird singing,
To set my heart springing.

But every day as the day draws to a close,
I think of an animal with an awful cold nose.
And in the night, a cold snowy night,
I imagine with fright,
Some mouse's plight.

AUTUMN

Helen Rentschler, Grade VII

Autumn's breezing in again,
With paints of scarlet and gold;
A little silver to touch up the stars,
A deep, deep, blue for the sky.

She'll redden up the apples,
And drop them with a thud;
Then start the bonfires blazing,
With sheets of scarlet flame.

She'll send the brown nuts tumbling,
And paint the lawns with frost;
Then off again she'll dance,
Till another year's gone by.

PUSSY-WILLOWS

Frances Beekley, Grade V

Pussy-willows soft and grey.
Pussy-willows purr all day.
Pussy-willows always bring
Bright and sunny days of spring.

A SNOWFLAKE

Virginia Cotton, Grade VII

A snowflake is a baby star,
That has lost its way.
It comes down to earth awhile,
To run around and play.

DANCING FAIRIES

Joan Adams, Grade VII

The snowflakes are gay little fairies,
All dressed in their best white gowns
Dancing on the billowy clouds
And then they tumble down.

The snow flakes are mad little gnomes
Scattering here and there.
Gravity must have let them down
From their homes in the air.

SLEEPING WITH A BATTLEAXE

SALLY GRIMM, Grade VII

I HAD been in bed all day and that might have been the reason I couldn't sleep. But I'm inclined to believe the reason was Buster.

He had always chosen Betsy's room to sleep in at night, and had spurned my love except when there was a piece of candy to go with it.

Thus, it was to my great surprise and pleasure that after about ten minutes of coaxing and pleading, he jumped onto my bed and ambled down to the end. This was about half an hour before I turned off the lights. When I did turn them off, to my profound delight, I discovered that Buster intended to stay.

We both made a dash for that wonderful place where I loved to put my feet, but he got there first. With a growl he definitely told me not to interfere with his sleep by sticking any feet in his ribs.

For a while all went well in spite of the fact that I had practically doubled myself into some form of jiu-jitsu, in an effort to let Buster sleep in peace.

Finally I began to doze, after having lain curled up in a ball for simply ages. Suddenly, before I had time to suppress it, my legs shot out from under me and right into Buster. I don't know what made me do it, but it must have been the urge to stretch. Frantically I dove for my pillow as a shield against Buster's rage and quaked with fear as he hurled himself against me.

So the battle ensued; I pleading forgiveness between mouthfuls of Buster's hair; with Buster hurling back unspeakable insults and not even listening to any of my excuses.

Finally after giving vent to his anger he left me with a disgusted sniff as if to say: "Huh! Fine chance I get of sleeping on your bed!" I sank back on my disheveled bed and heaved a sigh of relief. I was thankful I was still alive and not doomed to die at such an early age.

I dozed off into a restless sleep a few minutes later and when I awoke, to my great surprise, it was time to get up.

"Good morning, dear," Mother greeted me as I sat down to my breakfast. "I hope you had a good sleep last night."

"Oh, yes, Mother. A wonderful one!" I gulped down my grapefruit juice at this, and bestowed the most bitter-sweet look I possibly could upon the darling little cherub who was willingly (I might say greedily) accepting a piece of toast from Mother.

A GRAY DECEMBER DAY

DOROTHY HONISS, Grade VII

The day is gray.
    The trees, sombre black figures,
Drip of the recent rain.

The snow is gray and dirty.
    The air is full of swishes
Like the leaves against the window.

ADVICE

Frances Beekley, Grade V

Little girls and little boys
Should always put away their toys,
'Cause if they leave them on the floor,
Or push them back behind the door,
They can't find them another day,
When little friends come in to play.

THE THREE LITTLE ELVES

Lucile Chapman, Grade VI

In the garden, down by the pool,
Three little Elves go to school.
Their teacher's a frog with two bulgy eyes,
That say he's very good and wise.
After school the Elves go back,
To their little brown, tidy shack.
It's built in a hole of the old oak tree,
With furniture too tiny for a human to see.
Along the wall are two little beds,
Made of a splinter torn into shreds.

TOYLAND PLAY

Eleanor Myers, Grade VIII

The air was calm in the playroom,
The toys were all asleep.
The teddybear slowly awakened,
And so did the wooly sheep.

"Oh, the fun is just beginning,"
Said the bear to the doll so gay.
"Hand me my horn from the wooden box,
And a pretty tune I'll play."

The sheep and the doll began to dance,
And the clown kept rhythm too.
While the Jack-in-the-box bobbed up and down,
Not knowing quite what to do.

Now all the toys in the playroom
Were as happy as they could be.
The doll, the sheep, and all the rest
Were playing contentedly.

But when midnight came at last,
There was peace and serenity.

PRAYER AT DAWN

GAY MITCHELL, Grade VIII

A BELL rang softly from the ivy covered tower and broke the stillness which accompanied early dawn. It was the mass bell calling all hearts and souls to worship their Heavenly Father. The cold, frosty air returned the summons with an echo, soft and clear. A little procession came slowly down the stony path answering the bidding of the prayer bell. Their heads were bowed in reverence of their Lord and as they entered upon the threshold of the little grey-stone church, silently they took off their shoes and then passed into the tranquillity of their Maker's home.

SPRING IS COMING

BETTINA HAWKINSON, Grade V

Little buds on trees are forming,
Blossoms soon to be.
Daffodils and tulips sprouting.
Pick some! Two or three.

Robin, bluebird, and the flicker,
Wren and all the rest.
They are coming! They are coming.
Coming here to nest.

Little brooks, freed from ice,
Babble all the day.
Spring is coming, Spring is coming,
Make way for her, make way!

THE SNOWMAN

JANET BAKER, Grade V

We made a big round snowman, the finest ever seen.
He had a carrot for his nose and his coat was green.
He smoked a big black pipe and wore a big black hat.
His face was roly-poly and his tummy, Oh! so fat!

He had a big broom in his hand,
And looked like king of all the land.
He had some coal for his eyes,
And looked so very, very wise.

Warm rains falling from the sky,
Called Mr. Snowman, "Good-bye, good-bye,"
Oh me, oh my, alas, alack,
I fear our snowman won't come back.

AUTUMN-BY-THE-SEA

Dorothy Honiss, Grade VII

The Autumn skies arch over
To meet a lonely sea:
A white sail flashes, distantly
On the salty, stinging sea.
Foam, like pieces of ancient lace,
Is ruffled by the ebbing tide.

CLOUDS

Sylvia W. Morss, Grade VII

The clouds
Are soft light cotton puffs,
That float along
Amid the sky.

The clouds
Are gray roaring beasts,
That storm around
Above the earth.

The clouds
Are dense thick fog,
That lie upon the ground,
Veiling the world.

The clouds
Bring cool refreshing rain,
To feed the thirsty flowers,
And make things green again.

AUTUMN

Ethel Rowley, Grade VII

WHEN leaves are golden and crimson or rustly and dusty upon the ground; when rosy apples fall with a thud; a crisp, tangy feeling in the atmosphere that makes one walk with a brisker pace; football games, thrills and chills upon the bleachers; sharp gusts of wind that sting one's nostrils; bonfires with sheets of scarlet flame and rolling clouds of smoke; the poet's delight and the painter's heaven: this is Autumn. Flowers toss their seeds to the winds, that they may be buried beneath a coverlet of leaves. Crackling and snapping fires are laid on the hearth. Wild geese and ducks fill the air with their honking as they migrate southward. The bull frog hunts for a place to sleep. At sunset, the clouds are illuminated in untold splendor. Autumn, the season loved by all.

THE DAFFODIL

BETTINA HAWKINSON, Grade V

The daffodil's a lady.
She wears a bright green gown.
And on her pretty head she has
A pretty yellow crown.

The violet thinks she's wonderful.
The tulip thinks she's grand.
The jonquil, Oh, he loves her,
And in marriage wants her hand.

SNOW

PEGGY SMITH, Grade VIII

Announced by whirling winds,
    Arrives the drifting snow.
On and on it comes.
    There seems to be no end.
The air is white with crystal flakes,
    Which hide the land below,
And cover with a blanket white
    The world from head to toe.

THE SUNRISE

JANET BAKER, Grade V

The sky is beginning to get red,
For Mr. Apollo is out of bed,
He's getting his chariot, the sun,
For his daily work has to be done.

He's starting out in the sky,
But will be back by and by,
Now the colors are fading away,
For it is past the dawn of day.

TREES

PATRICIA HEWES, Grade VII

Once they stood so straight and tall,
As stately giants, over all,
The ones that looked so meek and frail,
Withstood that strong and mighty gale.

As now we roam the country wide,
We find them lying side by side.
And standing up amongst them all
We find the frail ones, straight and tall.

THE LITTLE BEAR

Betsy Beers, Grade V

ONCE upon a time there was a little bear. One day he thought he would take a walk in the woods. He was forbidden to go. First he met a sleeping porcupine. He said, "What fine needles for my mother to sew with!" So he stooped down to get some. The porcupine shot some quills at him. So he ran home. When he got in sight of his house, he saw his mother in the doorway with a big switch across her lap. The little bear never went into the woods again without permission.

AUTUMN

Eleanor Speer, Grade VII

What is Autumn?
morning mists,
crisp brightness,
long shadows,
crickets beneath
hidden leaf
and rusty blade;
loveliness,
cool breezes
and brilliant skies:
This is Autumn.

THE EXILES OF ANTVILLE

Doreen Kingan, Grade VIII

EVERYONE in Antville was scurrying about preparing for the approaching cold weather. That is, everyone but Jimmy MacAnt. He was one of those people (I should say ants) who thought a young bachelor like himself should get as much fun out of life as possible. At that moment he was over teasing the pretty young maiden ants.

Winter fell in all its shivering glory and with it some very bitter weather. Poor Jimmy had no food in his small bachelor's quarters nor did his equally lazy neighbor, John Antson, who shared lots with him. Starvation was slowly descending upon them when John, the more careless of the two, decided that there was only one thing left to do and that was to visit the town's food warehouse next door. After much persuasion Jimmy agreed to the plot set before him.

The following night was clear and dark. The moon was dim but the stars shone brightly. We spy two long figures dodging in and out of the shadows and creeping towards the warehouse, now stopping to listen and then crawling forward hesitatingly. Once inside they heaved a sigh of relief. But John and Jimmy were not aware of the two more creatures sneaking

up behind them. Then they pounced like hungry tigers upon their prey. The struggle was on and more men poured into the warehouse. The two criminals were soon overpowered and borne away in great shame.

The day of the trial came and the two guilty parties sat in the courtroom in fear. The case was started and the jury left to find the verdict. The moment came. The jury handed the verdict to the judge.

He chanted in a mocking tone, "The jury finds you, James MacAnt, and you, John Antson, guilty as charged for the great crime of robbing one of the town's warehouses. Your punishment . . . " a slight pause and then he repeated, "Your punishment is that you are both to be exiled from the town of Antville forever."

They were handed their knapsacks and escorted to the edge of town.

We next find them on a train. How they got there is still unsolved. They were speeding south but they did not know it, so great was their sorrow and shame. After three days without food they arrived at their destination. No longer was the snow falling, but the sun shone down warmly over everything. This cheered the exiles and they started looking for a new home. They found one and were soon making money at the practice of haulage, for they had learnt their lesson. So we leave our two exiles from Antville working hard and happily underneath the warm Florida sun.

THE FIRE

Virginia Cotton, Grade VII

How I love to sit and watch
The fire on a winter's night,
I see many beautiful pictures
Shrouded in ghostly light.

I see my favorite characters
Coming to life for me,
They're putting on a performance
That only I can see.

I see Robin Hood and his merry men
And lords and ladies of old,
There are also princes and dragons
And knights and warriors bold.

Every creature imaginable
Will come to life for me,
To take part in the performance
That only I can see.

But, soon the fire will die away
And with it my pictures shall go,
Then my kings and castles will fade
Back to the long, long ago.

MANITO, THE STORY-TELLER

Hope Smith, Grade VIII

THERE never was anyone so wise and knowing as old Manito. He knew the secrets of the field and woods and understood the language of birds and beasts. Beside the things he knew of nature, he knew fairy tales and the wonder stories told to him by his grandfather.

Manito was a great favorite with the children. No one knew better where to find the beautifully colored shells which he strung into necklaces for the little girls. For the boys he made bows and arrows. But most of all, Manito won the children's hearts with his stories. It was Manito who could tell you all the "wheres and whys" of the world.

When the snow lay deep on the ground, the North Wind came howling from his home in the Land of Ice, and the cold moon shone from the frosty sky, it was then that Manito sat by the fire of blazing logs and the little boys and girls gathered around him. The North Wind wailed and Manito put another log on the fire. The wind howled more fiercely, one could almost see the wind—his flowing hair all hung with icicles, and yelling with all his mighty strength. One little girl, more timid than the rest, would draw nearer and put her hand on the old man's arm. "Oh, Manito," she said, "just listen! Do you think he can hurt us?"

"Have no fear," answered Manito. "The North Wind can do no harm to anyone who is brave and cheerful. He blusters, and makes a lot of noise, but at heart he is really a big coward, and the fire will soon frighten him away. Suppose I tell you a story about him."

And so began a happy evening in the little Indian Village with the story-teller, Manito.

SNOW

Alice Robinson, Grade VI

A dull gray mist has covered the sky,
As snow flakes start spinning and whirling by.
Out in the west a blood-red glow,
The sun is setting over the snow.
Soon the darkness will cover all,
The long weird hoot of the owl's call;
Then everything silent, oh, so still,
As snowflakes fall on the window sill.

ORGANIZATIONS

PAINT
AND
PUTTY

THE
HOCKEY
TEAM

SALON
FRANÇAIS

OXFORD SCHOOL ASSOCIATION

The officers of the Oxford School Association for 1938-1939 are as follows:

FRANCES DWYER ..... *President*
EMILIE WORTHEN ..... *Vice-President*
SALLY ROWLEY ..... *Secretary*
MARCIA GILLIES ..... *Treasurer*
MARTHA DEMING ..... *Auditor*

This year, as in previous years, the honor system has been adopted by the Oxford School Association and the Student Council. The goal of the Student Council has been to have a more democratic government at Oxford, to have the Student Council members represent the feelings and opinions of the student body, and to have fewer rules, that is, to have the behavior of a well-bred person and courtesy as the criterion.

The O. S. A. has been extremely active this year, and in order to give the new girls coming into Oxford more information about the school and to make the old students more familiar with the rules, traditions, organizations, and other parts of school life, the Student Council has decided to publish a handbook. Peggy Péard has been appointed editor-in-chief. The members of the O. S. A. voted to give a school dance this winter, and, as it was so successful, it is hoped that it will become one of the traditions of Oxford. The annual Christmas Pageant was presented and the proceeds will be given to the Community Chest next year.

SALLY ROWLEY, *Secretary*

THE ATHLETIC COUNCIL

The Oxford Athletic Association, headed by the Athletic Council, has made an effort to produce further interest in Oxford's sports. The Greek Games are perhaps one of the most outstanding events of the season, and their organization requires almost a half year's work from the Athletic Council. The Council has also aided the Physical Education department by taking classes as well as by lending general assistance. We hope to take in more new members and want to encourage everyone interested to try out, for it is good training and excellent experience.

LONNY MYERS, *Secretary*

LE SALON FRANÇAIS

Cette année-ci, le Salon se compose de Jacqueline Ballard, Présidente, Joan Mallory, Secrétaire-Trésorière, et Frances Dwyer, Harriette Hyde, Emily Myers, Ruth Page, Marjorie Parker, Sally Rowley, Eleanor Slimmon, Joan Steane, et Sally Stevenson. Aussi, nous avons accueilli cette année, parmi nos membres, Lonny Myers, Anne Hutchinson, Emilie Worthen, Betty Hubbard, Alice Sperry, et Isabel Williams.

Nous avons offert un thé aux nouveaux membres. A chaque réunion nous avons fait quelque chose de différent. Par exemple, nous avons eu le plaisir d'entendre Dr. Louis Naylor du collège Trinity. Mlle. Beals nous a préparé un bon dejeuner à la française avant Noël. Nous avons vu des scènes de France que Mary Dougherty nous a montrées parce qu'elle les avait prises elle-même.

Chaque membre du Salon Français désire remercier Mlle. Cohendet et Mlle. Newell de leur assistance dans le Salon.

JOAN MALLORY, *Secrétaire*

THE DANCE CLUB

The officers of the Dance Club are Josephine Trull, President, and Barbara Andrews, Secretary. The members of the club are Ruth Page, Sally Stevenson, Emilie Worthen, Peggy Péard, and Marjorie Collins. During the past year the Dance Club has been under the direction of Miss Katherine Moebius, a recent graduate of Russell Sage College. In March we took in new members: Marcia Gillies, Mary Lou Eyanson, Judy Stoughton, and Virginia Wells. We have been doing the usual techniques of the modern dance to develop agility, strength, grace, and a sense of rhythm. Folk dances are also a great aid in gaining some idea of the dances of foreign countries and in developing rhythm. The Dance Club has been given an opportunity to use originality in composing dances, that is, in adjusting the movement to the mood of the music. Miss Moebius has succeeded in making our club meetings something to look forward to each week.

BARBARA ANDREWS, *Secretary*

THE MUSIC CLUB

The Music Club was organized at the beginning of this school year. Its purpose is to give the students of music an opportunity to acquire practice in public performing—to gain perfect control, poise, and confidence when playing before an audience. The music faculty supervise the meetings. The members of the Music Club are the music students of the upper and lower school.

ELMA BECKER, *President*

THE GLEE CLUB

During the latter part of the fall the Glee Club practiced songs for the Christmas Pageant which is given each year jointly by the Glee Club, Voice Ensemble, and the Paint and Putty Club. The Glee Club sang ten traditional carols. The singing was accompanied by Miss Constance Weaver, pianist, and Miss Dorothy Cunningham, organist.

The Glee Club of Loomis School entertained the Oxford Glee Club at a dinner on March third. After dinner there was a concert and a dance. The program of the Oxford Club was as follows:

Song of the Danube ..... JOHANN STRAUSS
(Tales from the Vienna Woods)

To a Swan ..... CAMILLE SAINT-SAENS

Come to the Fair ..... EASTHOPE MARTIN

In the spring the Glee Club practiced the Greek Games song and later the Commencement songs.

The Glee Club is directed by Miss Leslie Kyle and is accompanied by Miss Constance Weaver. The student committee consists of Mary Dougherty, Emilie Worthen, and Elma Becker.

ELMA BECKER, *Librarian*

THE PAINT AND PUTTY CLUB

The officers of the Paint and Putty Club are as follows for the year 1938-1939:

RUTH PAGE ..... *President*
SALLY STEVENSON .... *Vice-President and Business Manager*
MARY LOU EYANSON ..... *Secretary*
PATRICIA BENNETT ..... *Treasurer*
PEGGY MAERCKLEIN ..... *Guardian of the Scrapbook*

The first meeting of the school year was held on the twenty-first of September, at which time it was decided that October twenty-eighth would be the date for the annual Old-New Girls' Party.

On the second of November new members were welcomed into the club with a tea. They were Barbara Andrews, Joan Mallory, Mary Louise Walsh, Lonny Myers, Emilie Worthen, Mary Blair Goodell, Joan Ferguson, Ann de Rongé, Susan Hyde, and Dorothy Bush.

"A Vision of Saint Hilda" was the Christmas Pageant presented in Guernsey Hall by the club and high-school dramatics classes. The proceeds of the two performances were presented to charity.

On January eighteenth, Mrs. Colt read "Shadow and Substance," and it was greatly enjoyed by the whole club.

The Paint and Putty Club also voted to buy a cyclorama for the new stage in Guernsey Hall. This sky back-drop is an important part of the scenery for any scene representing the outdoors. It was badly needed and will be a great help in the future plays of the club.

The Spring Play, Shakespeare's "As You Like It," took place Friday, the twenty-eighth of April. The cast was as follows:

Rosalind ..... Sally Stevenson
Celia ..... Mary Blair Goodell
Orlando ..... Ruth Page
Touchstone ..... Lonny Myers
Audrey ..... Patricia Bennett
Duke Frederick ..... Peggy Maercklein
Duke Senior ..... Mary Lou Eyanson
Jaques ..... Sally Rowley
Adam ..... Dorothy Bush
Silvius ..... Frances Dwyer
Phebe ..... Laura King
Le Beau ..... Eleanor Binks
Corin ..... Mary Louise Walsh
William ..... Susan Hyde
Oliver ..... Emilie Worthen
Amiens ..... Emilie Worthen
Jaques de Bois ..... Ann de Ronge
Charles ..... Harriette Hyde
First Lord ..... Betsey Anne Stewart

Paint and Putty thanks the school for the interest it has shown and for making the year a most satisfactory one.

Mary Lou Eyanson, *Secretary*

THE DEBATING CLUB

The Debating Club was organized in the first part of March. The members are entirely Freshmen and Sophomores, with Miss Evans and Miss Bates as supervisors. The club meets every Friday morning in the sixth period. It was organized for the purpose of learning the fundamental principles of debating and to gain practice in thinking carefully and speaking well.

The members of the Debating Club will continue their activities in the last few years at Oxford. They will debate on increasingly difficult questions as they gain more skill in debating. The members of the club are the following: Margaret Mallory, Joan Paul, Lucy Eaton, Betsy Bridgman, Dorothy Bush, Alice Willgoos, Jane McGuinn, Marguerite Steane, Virginia Denne.

CHAT
EDITORS

THE
BASKETBALL
TEAM

THE
DANCE
CLUB

STATISTICS—1939

	High School		Seniors
	FIRST	SECOND	FIRST
Best Conversationalist	Mary Blair Goodell	Claudia Eblen	Claudia Eblen
Best Sport	Julia Ann Keeney	Harriette Hyde Peggy Péard	Harriette Hyde
Most Poised	Ruth Page	Emilie Worthen	Ruth Page
Best Actress	Ruth Page	Sally Stevenson	Ruth Page Sally Rowley
Most Tactful	Frances Dwyer	Eleanor Frisbie	Frances Dwyer
Best Looking	Joan Steane	Bunny Beach Gussie Robinson	Joan Steane
Most Frank	Phyllis Sweet	Meg Mallory Jane Strong	Harriet Reynolds
Best Disposition	Julia Breed	Harriette Hyde	Harriette Hyde
Best Dressed	Ruth Way	Margaret Stedman Patsy Witbeck	Mary Louise Walsh Josephine Trull

STATISTICS—1939

	High School		Seniors
	FIRST	SECOND	FIRST
Most Likely to Become Famous	Bettyjean Warner	Elma Becker	Elma Becker
Most Essential to School Life	Frances Dwyer	Lonny Myers	Frances Dwyer
Most Imaginative	Bettyjean Warner	Patricia Bennett	Jacqueline Ballard
Most Courteous	Frances Dwyer	Marjorie Parker	Frances Dwyer
Most Versatile	Lonny Myers	Emilie Worthen Bettyjean Warner	Ruth Page
Most Attractive	Jean Spencer	Emilie Worthen Mary Blair Goodell	Josephine Trull
Best Student	Lonny Myers	Frances Dwyer	Frances Dwyer
Best Sense of Humour	Sally Rowley	Bettyjean Warner Jane Coffin	Sally Rowley
Best Athlete	Lonny Myers	Joan Steane	Joan Steane Emily Myers

1938-1939 ENROLLMENT

HIGH SCHOOL I

Beckwith, Sarah ..... 1049 Prospect Ave. W.H.
Beecher, Ann ..... 25 Scarborough St. H.
Bush, Dorothy ..... 41 West Hill Dr. W.H.
Chapin, Cynthia ..... 357 Main St. Wethersfield
Clinchy, Jean ..... 200 No. Beacon St. H.
Coffin, Jane ..... 211 Fern St. W.H.
Cunningham, Julianne ..... 120 Sigourney St. H.
Denne, Virginia ..... 39 No. Main St. W.H.
Eaton, Lucy ..... 284 No. Oxford St. H.
Ewing, Harriet ..... 97 Girard Ave. H.
Fenn, Elizabeth ..... Sunset Farm, W.H.
Flynn, Jean ..... 160 Kenyon St. H.
Hastings, Florence ..... Suffield
Hooker, Isabel ..... 31 Woodside Circle H.
Hyde, Susan ..... 24 Mohawk Dr. W.H.
Kellogg, Rachel ..... 49 No. Beacon St. H.
McGuinn, Jane ..... 1454 Boulevard W.H.
Mead, Mary ..... Mountain Rd. W.H.
Morris, Barbara ..... 21 Staples Pl. W.H.
O'Brien, Carroll ..... 52 Arnoldale R. W.H.
Parker, Ann ..... 407 Auburn Rd. W.H.
Paul, Joan ..... 108 Kenyon St. H.
Robinson, Augusta ..... 49 Forest St. H.
Russell, Jane ..... Main St. Farmington
Russell, Ruth ..... 24 Colony Rd. W.H.
Sharpe, Gloria ..... 7 So. Highland St. W.H.
Strong, Jane ..... 16 Concord St. W.H.
Van Kleek, Margaret ..... 53 Concord St. W.H.
Walker, Patricia ..... 639 Prospect Ave. W.H.
Warren, Jean ..... 19 Norwood Rd. W.H.
Webster, Louise ..... 37 Belknap Rd. W.H.
Willgoos, Alice ..... 55 Fernwood Rd. W.H.
Witbeck, Patsy ..... 745 Prospect Ave. W.H.

HIGH SCHOOL II

Allen, Frances ..... 164 No. Oxford St. H.
Binks, Jean ..... 865 Tower Ave. H.

A NEW SLANT ON THE
FOREIGN PROBLEM

REPAIRS

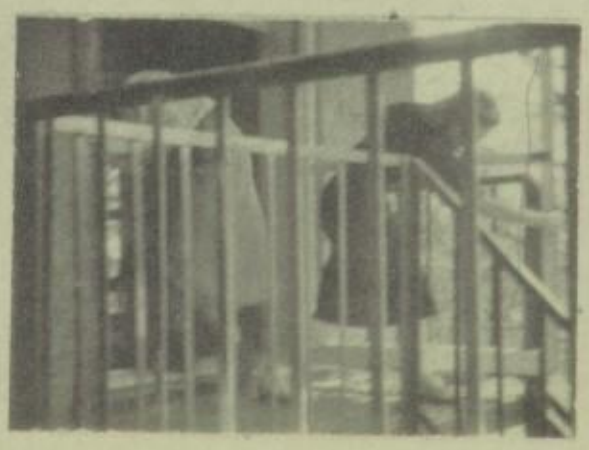
NEWS IN FRENCH

HELLO, MISS EVERTS

SPRING IS COMING

695

NO REST FOR
THE WICKED



HELPFUL
KIDDIES

HERE'S HOW FRANNIE
GETS HER MARKS

MR. FRANK AND
BUDDY II

THESE SILLY FRESHMEN!

ORANGE JUICE, M-M-M-M

STRETCHING & YAWNING
MONDAY MAWNING

"TO BE—OR NOT
TO BE—"

THE HURRICANE — SEPTEMBER, 1938

GREEK GAMES

FEZ, STRAIGHT
FROM EGYPT

SECRETS

DON'T DISTURB—
GIRL AT WORK

FINAL BASKETBALL GAME.
EXCITING, CYNTHIA?

SOLID COMFORT

LIFE IS SO MERRY

SPRING FEVER

SENIORS—MOST OFTEN
FOUND DOING

PARLEZ-VOUS FRANÇAIS?

Breed, Margery ..... 47 Girard Ave. H.
Bridgman, Elizabeth ..... 246 Steele Rd., W.H.
Collins, Marjorie ..... 201 No. Quaker Lane W.H.
de Rongé, Anne ..... 645 Farmington Ave. H.
Foster, Joy ..... 248 No. Main St. W.H.
Frisbie, Eleanor ..... 745 Farmington Ave. W.H.
Goodell, Mary Blair ..... 1783 Albany Ave. H.
Hackney, Lucile ..... 30 Walbridge Rd. W.H.
Hastings, Alison ..... 4 Bainbridge Rd. W.H.
Keeney, Julia Ann ..... Somersville
Landon, Elizabeth ..... 34 Forest St. H.
Mallory, Margaret ..... 68 Prospect St. Manchester
Marchant, Mary ..... 75 No. Quaker Lane W.H.
Page, Caroline ..... 314 Collins St. H.
Robinson, Hope ..... 121 Walbridge Rd. W.H.
Rockwell, Constance ..... 155 Scarborough St. H.
Shepard, Betty ..... 4 Mohawk Dr. W.H.
Sperry, Mary Lou ..... Avon Old Farms, Avon
Steane, Marguerite ..... 103 Steele Rd. W.H.
Stedman, Margaret ..... 73 Ledyard Rd. W.H.
Stevens, Holly ..... 118 Westerly Terrace H.
Stewart, Betsy Anne ..... 19 Chelsea Lane W.H.
Stoughton, Judith ..... 26 Westland Ave. W.H.
Way, Ruth ..... 83 Walbridge Rd. W.H.
Webster, Jean ..... 37 Belknap Rd. W.H.
Wells, Virginia ..... 14 Ledyard Rd. W.H.
Wolcott, Shirley ..... 196 Terry Rd. H.

HIGH SCHOOL III

Bennett, Helen ..... 187 Oxford St. H.
Binks, Eleanor ..... 837 Tower Ave. H.
Bolles, Harriet ..... 15 Brighton Rd. W.H.
Breed, Julia ..... 49 Girard Ave. H.
Clarke, Evelin ..... 1380 Asylum Ave. H.
Countryman, Janet ..... 92 Fern St. H.
Dougherty, Mary ..... Hunter Dr. W.H.
Eyanson, Mary Lou ..... 16 Chelsea Lane W.H.
Guiney, Betty ..... 33 Westfield Rd. W.H.
Hubbard, Betty ..... 26 Walbridge Rd. W.H.
Hutchinson, Anne ..... 2022 Albany Ave. W.H.
King, Laura ..... 29 Concord St. W.H.

Maercklein, Margaret ..... 180 So. Marshall St. H.
Myers, Caroline ..... 39 Colony Rd. W.H.
Ross, Betsy ..... 156 So. Main St. W.H.
Sage, Clara ..... 257 No. Oxford St. H.
Spencer, Jean ..... 51 Linnard Rd. W.H.
Sperry, Alice ..... Avon Old Farms, Avon
Spillane, Grace ..... Simsbury Rd. Bloomfield
Sweet, Phyllis ..... 29 Four Mile Rd. W.H.
Warner, Bettyjean ..... Mohawk Dr. W.H.
Waterman, Marjorie ..... 196 No. Beacon St. H.
Williams, Isabel ..... Hubbard St. Glastonbury
Worthen, Emilie ..... 182 Bloomfield Ave. W.H.

HIGH SCHOOL IV

Andrews, Barbara ..... 75 Brace Rd. W.H.
Ballard, Jacqueline ..... 48 Ledyard Rd. W.H.
Beach, Mary ..... 38 Walbridge Rd. W.H.
Becker, Elma ..... 226 Mountain Rd. W.H.
Brewer, Annette ..... 27 High St. E.H.
Cutter, Nancy ..... 35 Shuttle Meadow Ave. New Britain
Deming, Martha ..... 173 Steele Rd. W.H.
Dimock, Patricia ..... Bolton, Conn.
Dwyer, Frances ..... 155 Scarborough St. H.
Eaton, Harriet ..... 284 No. Oxford St. H.
Eblen, Claudia ..... 1542 Asylum Ave. W.H.
Gillies, Marcia ..... 50 Middlebrook Rd. W.H.
Hyde, Harriette ..... 24 Mohawk Dr. W.H.
Mallory, Joan ..... 68 Prospect St. Manchester
Myers, Emily ..... 39 Colony Rd. W.H.
Page, Ruth ..... 94 Woodland St. H.
Parker, Marjorie ..... 157 Tremont St. H.
Péard, Margaret ..... 24 Linwold Dr. W.H.
Proctor, Nancy ..... 14 West Hill Dr. W.H.
Reynolds, Harriet ..... 36 Bainbridge Rd. W.H.
Rowley, Sally ..... 1046 Asylum Ave. H.
Slimmon, Eleanor ..... 353 Collins St. H.
Sloan, Ruth ..... 9 No. Beacon St. H.
Steane, Joan ..... 193 No. Quaker Lane W.H.
Stevenson, Sarah ..... 65 Forest St. H.
Trull, Josephine ..... 49 Bainbridge Rd. W.H.
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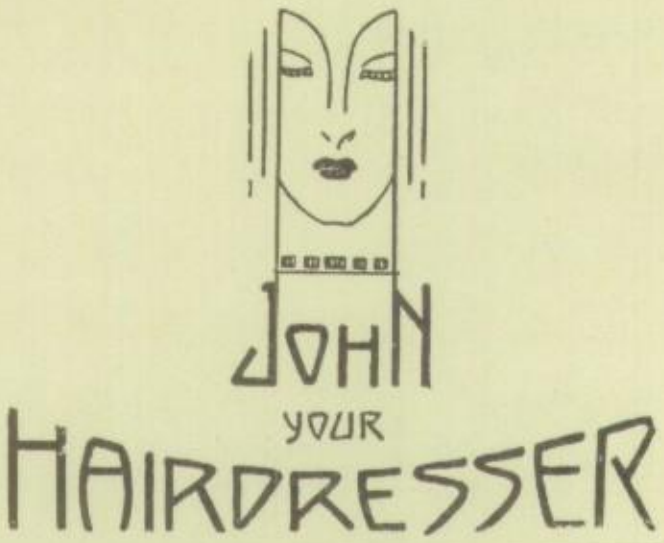

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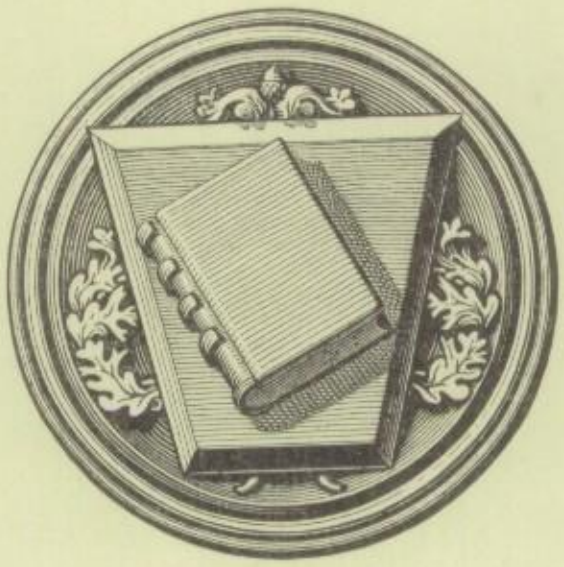

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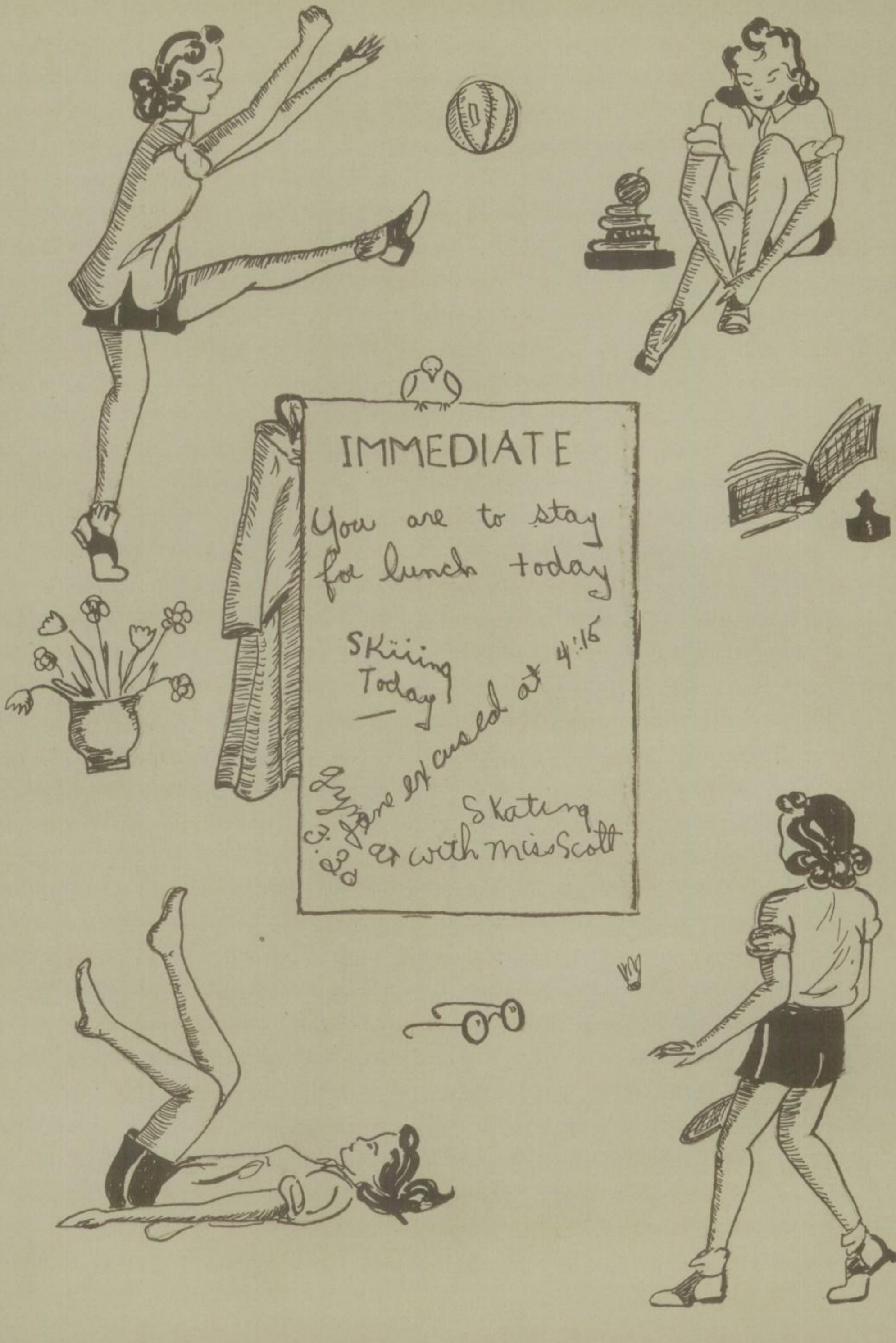
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